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Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hand

THE FREEMAN

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CHICAGO'S BRIGHT WORLD.

The "Fight" in the Third Ward —Capt. Bryan's Death.

Serious Charges Against Dr. Williams, of New Orleans—Chicago's only Bohemian—The Reading Club.

Chicago, Ill., Special.

The weather here has grown somewhat better. I use "better" advisedly. If heavy gray skies and heavy gray walking can be called the signs of better weather, we have had the commodity in plenty recently. A week or more ago the weather was the all-absorbing topic. This week it is politics. I take it to be the truth that politics can grow warmer and produce fewer results in Chicago than in any other large city in America. The politician here is neither born nor made. He simply grows, like prairie grass and weeds—thick and insistent. Our spring election is at hand, and with it the cry of reform and the thousand and one accompaniments that find their way every year into the life and motive of political discussion.

Among colored men the fight is intense in the Third ward. There the fight is being waged with particular venom against the methods, ostensibly, of Perry Hull, but in reality the objective point is the ascendency of Edward H. Morris. Up to this time it would appear that Morris has the best of it, and while it is a little early to predict the ultimate result, it looks as though he would maintain his advantage until after this year at least.

Speaking of whites reminds me of the part Charles W. Anderson played at the Marquette Club's Lincoln banquet last Tuesday night. He made a decided hit. He was a revelation to most Chicagoans, white and colored, very few having any knowledge of him whatever. But it is agreed by everybody and the press that his effort was a brilliant one, and stamped him an orator of high merit, who reflected much credit upon the occasion and made a worthy representative of the race for which he spoke.

Capt. R. S. Bryan died about ten days ago. In his death Chicago lost one of her most progressive young men. He was a prominent figure in every public movement and a secret society man of great prestige and influence. The funeral was the largest seen in our city among colored people for a great many years. Every branch of the Masonic and Pythian orders attended, making a highly creditable and imposing appearance. The services were held at Bethel Church, and were witnessed by a large concourse of people. Rev. J. F. Thomas preached the sermon. A number of eulogies were also delivered by society men of high standing, among them being Supreme Chancellor Mitchell, which was a very fine effort, for the Pythions, and Richard E. Moore, representing the Masonic fraternity.

The Pythians will miss Captain Bryan the most. His work in their interest was of special value doing as much, if not more than any other one man to maintain and keep alive the working of this order among colored men in the State of Illinois. In the view of the conclave which will be held here in August his ability as a planner and organizer will stand as a sad loss as he was one of the leading spirits, who had in mind elaborate preparations for that event.

The reference to the conclave brings to mind, at this time, a common bit of news that comes to Chicago from the school at Tuskegee, Ala., by way of New Orleans. It appears that sometime during the early part of last year Dr. L. A. Williams, at one time the Supreme Chancellor of the Knights of Phythias, carried to Tuskegee a young woman, whom he represented to be his daughter, and entered her as a student at that institution. She was received and treated with the consideration due her station in life and proved herself a young woman, studious and of good ability. The story runs that in the course of times her fees became overdue and she was requested to write to her distinguished parent and inform him of the fact. This she did, several times, but in each instance failed to receive a reply to her letters. Finally all hope was given up by the young woman and those in authority at the school, and she is now "working her way" through merely abandoned by the man who introduced her to the school as his daughter.

One is forced to the opinion that there must be a misunderstanding somewhere. On the face of it, it does not follow, that because Dr. Williams has been accused of treating unfairly the great Order of which he was at one time the official head, he could so far forget his position as a man of high social place and influence to willfully abandon his own child to the tender mercies of strangers.

When Mr. Booker T. Washington was in Chicago a short while ago he was approached, but would not talk freely about the matter. He admitted, however, that there had something unpleasant happened but he had hoped the matter would be satisfactionly adjusted as he had no desire to lay before the public a matter that would assuredly do Dr. Williams great harm.

Chicago is fast growing to be a literary center. The Reading club, organized by Mr. Lloyd Wheeler, has become one of the attractive features of the social life here. The most cultured of the young people are to be met every Friday night at Mr. Wheeler's house, and there is now every promise that we have watched the beginning of a well established literary society. The club is now reading Romola, using it as a basis from which to study phases of Florentine history. During Lent it is proposed to read Ivanhoe. W. H. A. Moore is to read the introductory paper. This man Moore is the first literary character we have had among us. When I say "Literary character," I mean an individual who makes his living entirely through his writings. I do not believe he is very well understood here by the people. He has a half defiant, independent air that does not wholly accord with the social ethics of this place. And then he possesses a sort of grim, biting humor that he deals out in a soft, musical voice, which makes the average society light hold him in mild dread. If he smoked a pipe, I would call him a terra cotta edition of a denizen of the Latin quarter of Paris. He wears the same short, pointed beard, the same short, tweed jacket, has the same stoop of the shoulders; indeed I believe he has the same distaste for those niceties of social functions that are attributed to literary Bohemians everywhere. He is very well liked on Newspaper Row, and has acquired a reputation as a writer of much ability. I was much struck by an article of his, which appeared in the Weekly Record a short while, upon the musical growth of the people among us, in which he spoke of the Standard Musical College and the work it is doing among the colored people. This college is being conducted by Prof. James H. Johnson, a musician of good standing and merit. The college is really a creditable affair, and I am pleased to note is receiving the support of the people. The corps of instructors has many of our best musicians engaged, and altogether it is creating a good, wholesome taste for the best music.

Social affairs have not been very plentiful, the general stringency seeming to effect everything. Next week, however, St. Thomas' church gives an affair at Central hall, which I think will call out the votaries of the smart set.

"JAY."

Died From the Effects of Drinking Gin.

Poplar Bluff, Mo., Special.

Mr. Henry Fither is in Hot Springs. Little Samuel, a small boy a little over four years old, died from the effects of drinking gin. The little boy was staying at Mrs. T. Simpson's. Mrs. Simpson had purchased a bottle of gin for her own personal use, which was sitting on a table While Mr. Simpson was in the kitchen cooking, etc. (his wife being ill in bed), the little boy slipped the bottle of gin, which was a half pint nearly full, and drank all excepting about a tablespoonful. He drank the gin on the morning of the 10th, and died at 1 o'clock the following night.

Mr. Cummings is on the sick list and is very needy. He desires assistance. Mr. Henry Favell, one of our most prominent citizens, who left the city sometime ago for Hot Springs, Ark., on account of ill health, died on Sunday night, Feb. 10th. The remains were brought to this city on the 13th for burial. The funeral was conducted by Rev. H. F. Johnson at Pleasant Hill Baptist Church. The procession was headed by the Social Cornet Band. Mrs. Hattie Hall returned to this city from Jackson, Mo., to attend the funeral of her father. Miss Lizzie Townsend, after a six weeks' visit to Allensville, Mo., returned on the 11th. Miss Bertha Williams sings very sweetly these winter evenings. Miss Alice Gwinn has returned from Little Rock, Ark. A candy social was given in honor of Misses Katie and Carrie Wyatt, which was a grand affair. Nineteen couples were invited, and many presents were received. The little folks passed the time off pleasantly. Many social games were played. The Magnolia Club has reorganized and meets each Tuesday night. Mrs. Mary L. Sides is president and Miss Mallie Redmond is secretary.

All those who wish to renew subscriptions for $1 should leave orders immediately before March 1. Subscribe now.

Society Lights and Flashes.

Decatur, Ala., Special.

Miss Irene Jones, of Athens, Ala., is the guest of Mrs. G. C. Lockhart. Miss Pinka Calton, of Birmingham, Ala., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. K. Jackson. Madames G. A. Perkins, Winnie Parker, and Lottie Smith are among the number sick. Our city school has an average attendance. The visitors of the city school on last Friday evening were Madames Annie Housten, M. C. Lockhart, Misses Irene Jones, Dora Higgins and Messrs. Glen Childs, H. J. Banks, the program was grand for the evening. A. L. Rice sings like a nightingale, N H Housten like a mocking bird, Miss Jennie Carpenter put herself on the record of being an able debateress. Laura May Hall and Rebecca Lue Sykes are bright pupils of the city schools and members of the fourth grade, ages nine. Mrs Lula McCartney nee Schadvoyne, has moved to her residence on Vine street. Rev. Reeves and family, of Courtland, Ala., were in the city this week. Rev. W. F. Smith addressed the pupils of the city school very interestingly on last Friday evening Mr. R. Bridgeforth and little Miss Vernisha Sykes are up again. Mrs. Alice Myiam died here last Sunday evening. Her funeral was attended at St. Pauls church Tuesday evening by her ex-pastor and pastor, L. Mixon and W. F. Smith. Miss Kenney, of Fisk University, passed through the city today enroute to Birmingham, Ala.

Movements of Prominent People.

Leadville, Col., Special.

Mr. George Lyons has gone to Cripple Creek. Mr. Ford left the city last Sunday night Mrs. Castreen Furgerson has returned from Salt Lake City. Rev. A. E. Hubbard, of Denver, is in the city, the guest of Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Bohanan, and will assist in the protracted effort now in progress at the A. M. E. church. There are a number of strangers in the city. The weather is unusually cold at this writing. Mr. Ed Donaldson, of Colorado City, was in our city some days ago, and sold his residence on W. Fifth street to Mrs. F. A. White.

WASHINGTON TO LECTURE.

The Excelsior Literary Elect Officers—Some Eloquent

Addresses by the Officials Elect—Sec. W. A. Hunton, of the National Y. M. C. A., Speaks of his Trip to England.

Nashville, Tenn., Special,

Prof. Booker T. Washington, principal of Tuskegee Normal Industrial School, will deliver the first lecture under the auspices of the Fisk University Lecture Bureau on March 8. Prof. Young, of Tuskegee Normal School, after spending a week in the city visiting city schools and colleges, in company with Prof. Eugene Harris, left for Tuskegee the 15th inst. Prof. Harris will attend the Tuskegee conference and Talladega College before he returns. Rev. George M. McClellan, chaplain of Normal College, Normal, Ala., spent a week with us. He gave a short address on the work that his school is doing. Secretary W. A. Hunton, of the Y. M. C. A., delivered an interesting lecture in Livingstone Chapel on the 15th inst., on his trip to England.

The Excelsior Literary Club held its election on the 13th inst., resulting in the selection of the following officers for the next six months: W. Atlas Cocolough, president; S. B. Ogburn, vice-president; A. W. Springs, critic; E. Wesley Kinchen, chairman of the cabinet; W. H. Bass and J. M. Gaudy, executive committee; T. W. Pratt, secretary-treasurer. The club gave a grand ovation Friday evening, the 15th, in honor of the newly elected officers. After the repast the following toasts were given: J. M. Gandy on "What Good Is Received from the Club?" in which he said "Many men read a great deal, but a few men read intelligently. The man that gets facts established in his mind most thorough, is the man that succeeds in his reading." Mr. Kinchen, chairman of the cabinet, who made a brief talk on "What Benefits are Received from Reading?" said, "Healthy reading is to the mind what healthy food is to the body. Reading not digested has the same effect that undigested food has upon the system, that is, it makes one stupid." A. W. Springs, in his remarks on "What Is the Best Course to Pursue First in Respect to Prose and Poetry," said, "We should first get the two axes of our faculties sharpened—love and understanding. Love for reading and understanding to understand what we read. Then we are prepared to enter into the great fields with the prose writers and soar upon the wings of poetical songs and praises with the poets." Vice-president Ogburn, in speaking on "How Much a Person Should Read per Day," said, "It lies wholly with the person, as it is hard to find persons who have the same mental ability." Again he said, "It depends largely upon the kind of literature we read. If we read a book that appeals only to the fancy or imagination, we can read more of such a book without producing mental worry than we can of one that calls our judgment and reasoning faculties into play." And again he said, "However much we may read we should be careful to make the gist of the author's thought our own. A man who has a concept of a thing, and cannot recall it, is like one who has money in the bank when banking hours are over—it is his, but he can't get to it. So, a man who has a thorough knowledge of a subject is like one who has his money in his pocket—it is always with him and he can produce it whenever occasion requires. Thus it behooves us not to see how much we can read, but to be thorough in what we do read." Secretary Pratt spoke a few words on "The Purpose of the Excelsior Literary Club and the Work it has Done," in which he said, "The objects of the club are to secure a higher literary culture and to be abreast with current news. So far we have read and discussed in a military line Richelieu, Washington, Grant, et al.; statesmen, Gladstone, Webster and Franklin; poets, Scott and Tennyson; also Edison, as an inventor." President Cocolough, in speaking on the "Requirements of the Club," said, "The club has not yet reached its aims and requirements. In order to attain these a due amount is required, but we will not feel that the required standard of the club has been reached until the plan which is laid out before us has been accomplished." A few words from the invited guests in response to the grand and noble work of the club were heartily received.

A Mission Band Organized.

Providence, Ky., Special.

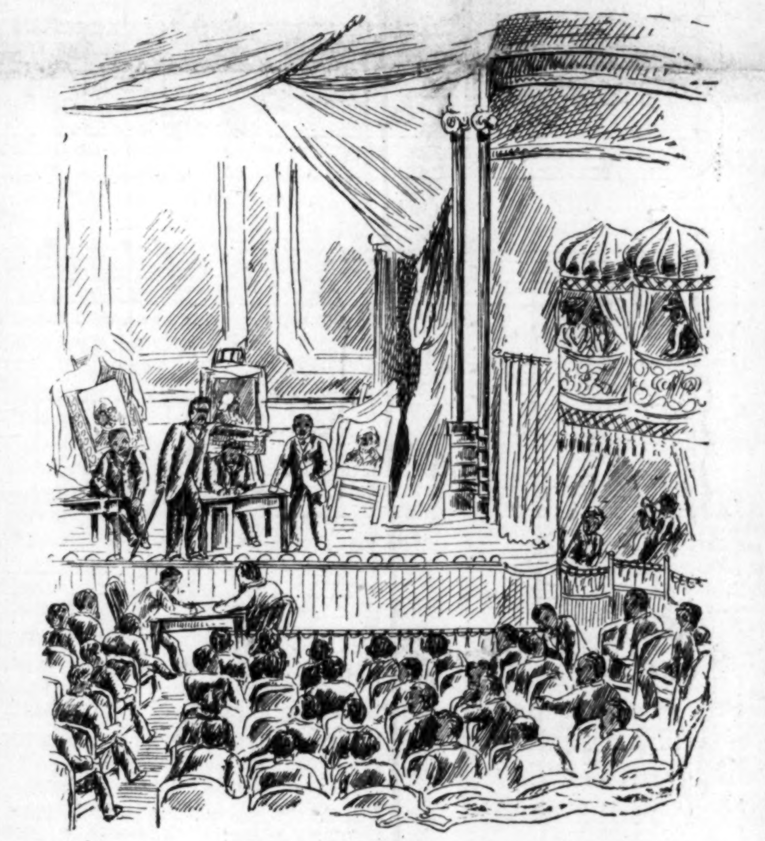
The C. P. Church has organized a mission band. The Rev. C. G. Hardison, of Hickory Grove, Ky., visited our town last week and preached at the C. P. Church. Rev. J. E. Clay's two congregations are in a prosperous condition. Their membership aggregate about three hundred. By actual count there are not less than seventy-five colored families and of this number, fifty own their homes, Mr. Ambrose Given owns a commodious frame building with several rooms, beside one other house and store. Mrs. Ann Bruce beside her home stead has for rent three houses. Prof. H. Dyer has one house that he rents. The Rev. J. E. Clay has a beautiful home property on Shiloah street, an equal interest one half in a school house and lot, also a farm of fifteen acres of land a quarter of a mile from the city limits. The E. J. Simpson owns a home consisting of a good house and lot of one acre and a half. He rents two houses, a little farm of ten acres, near the city limits, he also owns and rents a farm fifty one acres in Crittenden County. Mr. J. T. Shackleford's monthly rents amount to $20. Mr. Spencer Finley owns ten houses and lots, which he rents and lives in the country and has two farms. Mrs. Alice Jinkins is recovering. Mrs. Parthinia Jenkins is convalency. Manal Williams no better. Mr. John Gains a fine girl. Mr. Jerry Mass a fifteen pound boy.

W. M. Miller, a prosperous farmer of our locality, owns about two hundred and twenty acres; G. W. Cussie owns about eighty acres; Thomas T. Shackelford, one hundred and ninty acres; who raised between eight and nine thousand pounds of tobacco, widow Mitchell and heirs owns three hundred acres. Wedding bells are ringing. Mr. Shelton, of Sebree, will lead Miss George A. Mitchell to hymeneal alter. Mr. Buck Rice and family are confined to their room with sore throat. We have a church worth $1,000 and a school house worth $200. Mr. Mitchell's barber shop is doing good business.

Coming Teachers' Institute.

Mineola, Tex., Special.

The Teachers' Institute of Wood County, will meet in our city, Mineola, the first Friday and Saturday in March 1895. Mr. Mitchell Garrett, Mrs. Molton and son are on the sick list. Mr. Washington Harrard, of Dawson, Ga. has an "ad" in The Freeman for his lost relatives. The price of publishing letters for lost friends in The Freeman is $1.00 per month. Those that want to subscribe for the paper see Sandy Anderson, agent.



"THE SUN DO MOVE."

Compare this picture, a fac simile of a convention of colored men with the pesimistic moan, that the rrce is retrogressing, Retrogressing! 'Taint so, Progress is the word, spelt with a capital "P."

TURNER'S PLEA CONDEMNED

By Josephine E. Ghant, Birmingham, Alabama.

EDITOR FREEMAN:

I have read carefully Bishop H. M. Turner's article on the Atlanta Exposition, which appeared in the Atlanta Constitution some weeks ago. In his article he takes issue against those who discountenance the colored people attending the Exposition on account of their having to go there in "jim crow" cars. He thinks the occasion, the originators of it and the invitation warrants our presence, and that to be made to suffer discrimination is a small matter and one to be overlooked. He says we should grasp every opportunity for our betterment—he admits the "jim crow" degradation, and yet encourages his people to undergo this in order to show to the whites that we are deserving of our rights and immunities as citizens of the United States. Where is the consistency? A degrading measure has no ennobling qualities, how then shall we be uplifted? We need not the confines of the Exposition grounds to prove the right of citizenship, when men feared our rivalry long before slavery was abolished, since which time we have enjoyed from this free Republican government such stinted privileges as it thought safe and best to allow us that we might still remain the inferior class. In many instances, especially in the South, we must submit to discrimination, but in nowise should we suffer it when it can be prevented.

Many are too ready to succumb on the plea "We can't help ourselves." If going crushes manhood, stay away. Many say that staying away doesn't hurt the whites. That is not the argument—it's what hurts us. Suppose the colored people had in cash or real estate the money spent for seats in peanut galleries, excursion tickets and drinks obtained by entering the colored entrance, on a back street or an alley to bar-rooms, we would be worth twice as much to-day. To climb a dark, narrow back stairway, with criminals of the deepest dye, while the whites ascend a broad and brilliantly lighted one on the front, is galling. Can such as this elevate us? And yet prominent and intelligent men of the race encourage us to submit; for it matters not in what form, it is but the same. Our Bishop may not be as sensitive to such, as we, seeing he is esteemed as a Lord, and two-thirds of the time he is called a Lord, but to us who may never be so fortunate and even now are so unfortunate in many places as not to receive the plain Mr. and Mme., we are quick to cry out against our wrongs. Expositions and excursions arise not from necessity, so in the words of Prof. Scarborough, "Stay away from the concern until you can have cars of your own."

Many actions apt to procure fame are not the most honorable. It is the fault of many to attempt to pull back others to rise themselves. They, like drowning men, grasp at straws. The Bishop's straw was a feeble attack on the assertion of Prof. Scarborough. Does anyone think the more of the former or the less of the latter for it? And most strange of all is the fact that those who claim to have race pride are nearly always convicted to the interest and welfare of the whites, thus rendering it difficult for one to know just where the race pride lies. The writer uses the argument that since the North is not without prejudice, the South is justified for its share. It should be condemned no matter in what section, and because Exposition degradation was suffered in the North, is no reason that "jim crow" degradation should be suffered in the South.

Now it is evident that our people cannot afford to take in everything that comes along. If, after securing comfortable homes and properly educating their children, they have any money to spare, let them put it together for the good of the race; let us keep our money among ourselves. We have given the whites a hundred fold more than they credit us with. Our unrecompensed labor has made them what they are, let us make ourselves. Expositions will not soon become extinct, and we will one day open our own exhibit. If Congress has made appropriations for exhibit of the colored, let it still be used for them in some more profitable form. Let it be used for educational purposes. Since it is powerless to, or won't enforce its laws, it might make some amends by making appropriation. We need none to go to Africa or Mexico, but something to enable us to remain where we are like other men.

Now let us stay at home until some accommodation is made for us; until we can receive the same respect as the whites. Even if we did not go to Atlanta in "jim crow" cars, we would be assigned rear seats in street cars after getting there, and just as long as we accept of second class accommodations and pay first class fare, no preparation for equal accommodations will be made.

Now while we admire the broad views of Bishop Turner in other things in his stand regarding the Exposition, we differ from him because we feel it for the good and welfare of our people to stay away from it. Let us not give anything our co operation that does not give manhood full scope, for when we do this we are false to ourselves. Let us be true.

Public Schools will Close.

Prescott, Ark., Special.

The public school will close next week. Mrs. M. McGill, Mr. Samuel Arnold, R. L. Pipkins E. Parr and Mrs. Prof. Boyd are on the sick list. Mr. Garland was down to visit his family last week. Mr. Cal Hugh was home this week. Mr. William Neal is back from Texas. Joseph Beckett has returned from Texarkana. Rev. Coleman has moved to our town. All the churches and Sunday-schools have gone into winter quarters. We have two colored men doing business in our town, W. B. Webster and Mr. Joe Davis, carrying a stock of about $1,000. Mr. Cole has closed his writing school. The Rev. Jones, presiding elder, is out of the city. We are expecting the Rev. W. E. Reed in our town before long. Quarterly meeting was a success. Mrs. Cummins was called home to her sick sister's bedside.

At the Lyceum.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Special.

Mrs. A. J. Cason is quite ill. The Lyceum at the A. M. E. is flourishing. Monday evening the church was crowded to hear the debate, "Shall the Negro emigrate to Africa or not." Affirmative, J. R. Simpson and B. B Nesbit; negative, W. H. Davis and Cyrus Lindell; the affirmative won. The rest of the program consisted of an address by T. J. Manley, paper by Mrs. Wm. W. Taylor and an instrumental solo by Mrs. A. J. Cason. C. E. Stevens is ill. The next debate at the Lyceum will be, "Resolved that the mixed schools are more beneficial to our children than the separate school," Affirmative, Mrs. Wm. De Young; negative, Mrs. P W. Jackson. Mrs. Josie Washington is able to be out again after a long illness. The valentine entertainment was a success socially but not financially. The ladies of the A. M. E. church are preparing to give a Martha Washington supper at the church the 22nd. Mrs. P. W. Nelson, Christian Scientist has left for the East.

S. M. T's Will Give a Grand Fair.

North Birmingham, Ala., Special.

Wm. Washington, of Bessemer, is visiting Mrs. Pettis and I. Conference was held at the First Baptist church on the 12th and the following officers were elected: M. Roberson and B. Ransom, deacons; and D. J. McCalister Sunday-school superintendent; Miss L. L. Butler is a sweet tenor singer. Mr. Sam Cross is much better. Mrs. Mary Edward has returned home after a two months stay in Marion, Greensboro, Selma and Montgomery, Ala. M. P. Shelton received word that his wife was very ill at Greensborro, Ala. Mr. A. E. Ewing is better. Mr. Orange Donalson has returned from Terre Haute, Ind. Mr. Fred Barnes won a fine bicycle in a raffle on the 15th F. Morris is still sick. Mr. Abb Drake has removed from Pratt City to this place. The S. M. T. will give a grand fair in the near future. Mr. Gad Foster is out again after a few days illness.

Social Glints.

Toronto, Ark., Special.

Mr. C. S. Sneed went to Varner on the 11th on business. Miss Maggie Daniels has returned from Little Rock, Ark. P. R. Wells was a guest of Rev. P. Akeer Sunday the 10th. Mr. Alex. Williams was a guest of P. R. Wells and Mr. E R. Shelly, Mrs. Shelly, Mrs. Bell Harper, and Miss A. M. Akeer and Miss Martha Thompson. Rev. G. W. Mitchell preached at Grady Sunday. Rev. Akeer lost two of his fingers a few days ago. Miss Rebecca Hall went to Pine Bluff recently. She is one of our leading school teachers. Rev. A. C. Carter was in the city on the 14th ult., a guest of Rev. G. W. Mitchell. Morgan Bro. went to Pine Bluff on the 14th ult., on business. Mr. R. S. Pettis was in the city on the 14th on legal business.

Personal Mention.

Yazoo City, Miss., Special.

Miss Josie Mitchell and sister left for Canton last Monday. Prof. Kissak, Rush University was in the city. Mrs. Emeline Johnson died Thursday night of last week. Mrs. Mary Ella Rose has gone to Valley Station to teach school. Mr. General Doty, jr., died Friday night of last week. Mrs. Betsy Daniels died Wednesday night, Feb. 13., in the country, where she was teaching school. Mrs. Caroline Johnson has gone to Vicksburg. Mrs. Charlotte Weeden died on Wednesday of last week from dropsy, Mrs. Mary Ellen Rose returned last week from attending the funeral of her sister, Mrs. Betsy Daniels. Mr. York Weeden is in the city.

A Race Enterprise.

Houma, La., Special.

An Afro-American newspaper incorporation, "The Terrebonne Messenger," is now existing in the town Houma, La. It is a weekly journal and is about to make its fifth issue. The members of the incorporation are Rev. C. S. Collins, editor; Prof. D. F. Ross, secretary; Rev. S. T. Smith, business manager; Revs. J. P. Aubert and E. Ellis.

Subscribe for The Freeman through S. S. Teems, who is now agent, and will have copies for sale each week at 5 cents.

Entertained Their Guests.

Clarksville, Tenn., Special.

A delightful time was had at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Dabney who entertained in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Clark, of Henderson Ky. The following persons were present: Mr. C. W. Owen and wife, Misses Cornelia Parish Inez Smith, Messrs. W. S. Dabney, S. Steel, Charlie Cobb, George Dabney, of Chicago, E. H. Brown, Bailey Cobb, Master Arthur Dabney and little Mattie Owen. Games and music were participated in. Refreshments served in the latest style.

Fall Off of School Attendance.

Sulphur Springs, Tex., Special.

The attendance at the school for the last three weeks have decreased to one half on the account of cold weather. Rev. H. M. Richmon visited the school. J. B. Minter made a trip to Paris, Tex., last week. Elder Haggler is on his first round for '95. Miss Bell Burris is some better.

'Country Store' Yarns.

BY B. SQUARE.

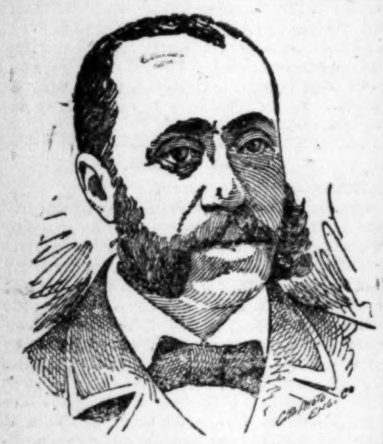
[The Freeman has purchased the exclusive right to publish these stories from the Augustus M. Hodges' Literary Syndicate.]

BREATH FIVE.

"Go on with yer story, Abe; don't mind Zeb an' Moses; we want 'er hear it," remarked two or three of the other boys.

"Well," continued Abe, "this story I'm goin' ter relate is a kind er love story, snow story an' ghost story all in one, but er true story. You boys is often asked me why I never got married an' why I never done enny work; I will tell you why in this story. I only wish some of you had read enough history ter bear me out 'bout ther 33 foot snow storm forty odd years er go in Franklin county, N. Y.

"I was born in Franklin county; my father an' mother both died when I was four years old an' I was put ter live with an' old uncle who bound me out ter er neighborin' farmer till I was twenty-one when I got ter be fourteen. There lived in that section a widder named Lizer Clark; she had three children; ther oldest was er girl by the name of Lizer Jane.



AUGUSTUS MICHAEL HODGES.
(B. SQUARE.)

"Lizer Jane an' me growed up ter gether, you might say, an' learned ter love one another, but ole woman' Lizer was as mean as Brattleboro cider, an' that's the meanest thing I ever drank in my life. She did not like me fer some unknown reason an' forbid me comin' ter ther house ter see Lizer Jane; but we used ter meet like most lovers in such cases on the sly an' was soon engaged ter be married when I was twenty-one.

"It was Christmas morning forty-three years ago that I started out from my home at seven er clock in ther mornin' ter see Lizer Jane. Ther way I come ter go over ther mornin's was I seen ole woman Lizer go pass our house late ther night before an' knowed that she would be from home all day Christmas or near all day, as she was a midwife an' I knowed that she was goin' three miles ther other side of our house.

"Ole man Wilson, ther one I was bound ter, always give me er new suit of clothes an' twelve dollars ter spend every Christmas, so I togged out an' put my twelve dollars in my pocket an' started off. It was just three miles from our house ter Lizer Jane's, an' just three miles from Lizer Jane's to Molone—in fact she lived right in the middle of er three mile square clearing an' her house was the only one in ther clearing—right in the middle.

"It was er clear, cold mornin' an' I wrapped my cloak er bout me (yer know they didn't wear overcoats in them days but cloaks) an' walked fast, lookin' er bout three foot in front of me on ther ground, anxious ter get ter Lizer Jane's house. I had got just one mile from home when I noticed that the ground was sprinkled with snow; er few steps futher on an' it was covered all over. 'Had a little snow storm over here,' sed I ter my self, an' marched on, lookin' neither ter ther right nor ter ther left. Ther snow 'peared ter git deeper an' deeper an' 'peared to be well packed, but on I walked till ther first thing I knowed I run up er gin ther sign post at ther fork of the road leadin' to Molone an' Mayburg. I come ter my self an' sed, 'how's this?' an looked back, when boys, you may think I'm lyin' but if ther was not a hill of snow thirty-three foot high which had kivered Lizer Jane's house up as ther house was only twenty-four foot high, er two-story house. You see the snow had fell all in er circle 'bout two miles an' er half square with my girl's house in ther middle, an I had walked right over the house an' never knowed it, ther snow was so hard packed an'——"

Zeb interrupted the story-teller at this point by starting to sing the following lines to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," and the other bread-winners joined in with a good will and strong voices:

"It may be so, I do not know,
But it sounds to me like er lie-e;
It may be so for all I know,
Yet it sounds to me like er lie;
It sounds to me like er lie-e-e
It sounds to me like er lie-e-e
It may——"

"Well, if it sounds that way an you don't want ter hear no more I'll stop," broke in Abe.

"No, go on; don't stop—finish your story, Abe," replied his companions.

"Well, let's see where did I leave off. Oh, yes, I know. Well I took in the situation. Ther was my future wife an' her two little brothers kivered under thirty-three foot of snow an' they must be dug out, I sed to myself, so I run down ther road ter Molone an' tole ther boys ther but they laughed at me an' sed I was either drunk or crazy an' they wouldn't take ther trouble ter walk down the road er half mile an' see for themselves ther snow mountain. So I bought a bottle of good whisky—an' say, boys, whisky was whisky in them days—an' er snow shovel an' started back er lone. As I got ter ther edge of the snow hill I looked up. Well I never seen such a snow storm before or since. I rushed up ther hill of snow till I got ter the highest spot right over where I calculated Lizer Jane's house was an' commenced ter dig. I staked off er fourty foot circle an' throwed ther snow to ter ther right an' kept walkin' er roun'. When I had dug down nine foot I struck ther roof of the house. This give me new life an' I drunk some of ther whisky an' started ter dig er gin. At last I had ther house dug out with its thirty-three foot of snow walls all around it an' I rushed up ter ther door an' opened it without knockin' an' rushed in. Boys, I'll never forgit ther sight that met my eyes if I live ter be seven times older than Murthuseylum. There on the sittin' room floor laid poor Lizer Jane with one little brother on each arm, suffocated for want of air.

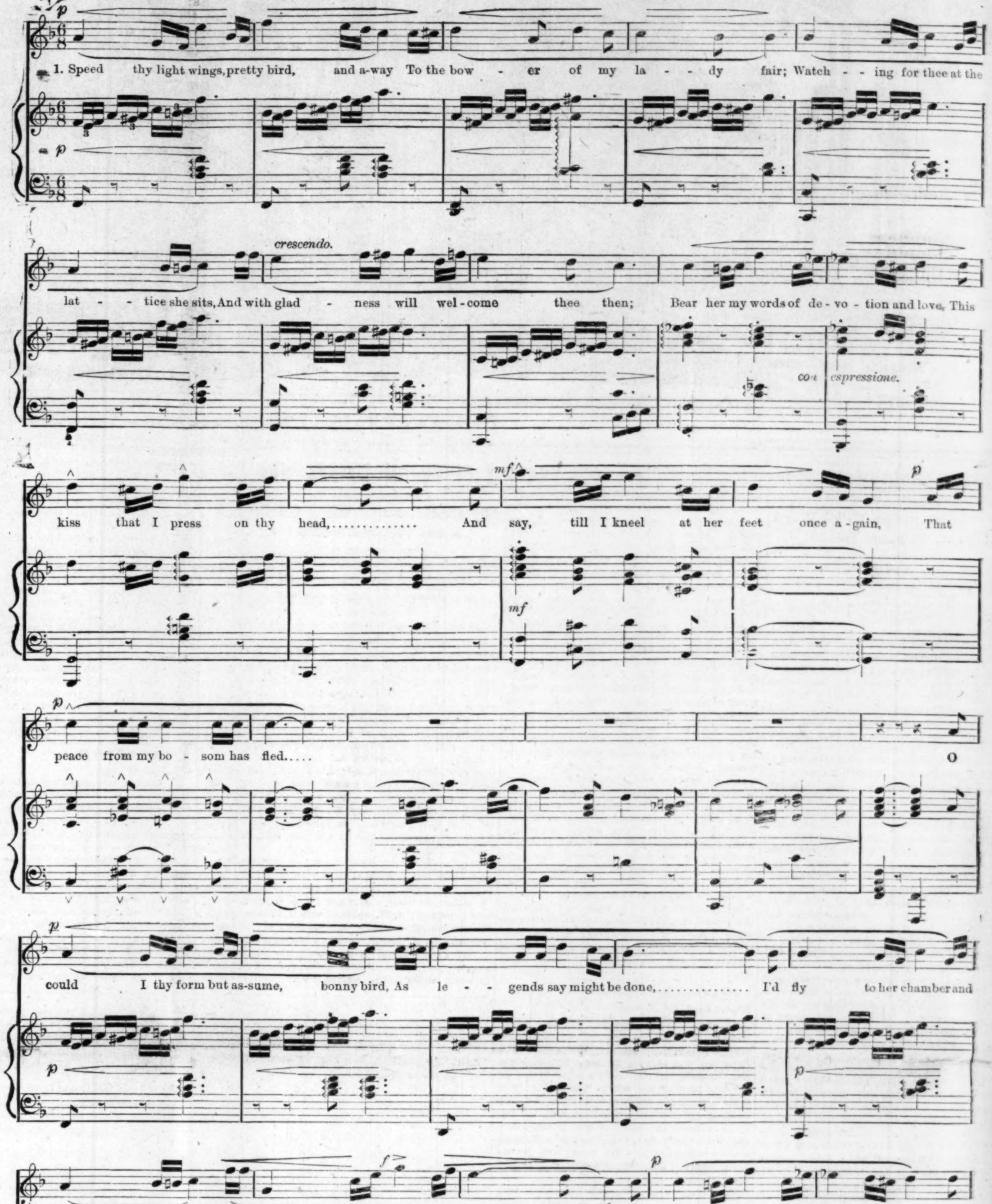
'Oh, Lizer Jane, my darlin' speak ter me,' I cried as I rushed forward an' picked her up. She 'peared ter be dead. I tuck out ther whisky bottle, an' rubbed some on her hed an' hands an' forced some in her mouth, when she opened her eyes an' sed, 'Oh Abe, save me from the cruel snow storm; I wonder where my poor mother is?' 'Oh she is alright,' sed I, 'as it did not snow at Molone nor no other place over three miles from here, an' you are safe my darlin'; I've dug yer out.' Ther snow was thirty-three foot at this point, but I dug you out love. Come ter ther door an' look at ther walls of snow on each side. I led her ter ther door an' she fainted when she seen all the snow. I tuck her up in my arms an' carried her ter ther sittin' room an' put her on ther sofee an' rubbed her hed with some of ther whisky an' she come ter her self er gin. 'Oh where is ther boys?' she asked, an' for ther first time I remembered 'em. 'Course you know where one's in love he don't think of nobody but his lover. I rushed over ter ther boys an' give 'em er good rubbin' with some of the whisky an' they come ter themselves.

'Now Lizer Jane,' sed I, 'I'm goin' ter cut er path in ther snow out ter ther road towards my house, so yer mother kin git in;' so I tuck the snow shovel an' started out. It was duced hard, slow work, 'cause the snow fell in in places, but in three hours an' er half I had er two foot path out in ther snow two miles long ter ther road an' walked back ter Lizer Jane's house. She had things kinder fixed up, an' had er fire burnin' an' hot coffee bilin'. She gave me er cup an' I poured some of ther whisky in it an' drunk it. It warmed me up, an' me an' Lizer Jane sot down an' begun ter court, when all ter once she sed, 'Abe here comes mother!' I looked up an' sure enough up ther snow lane came old woman Lizer with no more surprise on her her face than if thirty-three foot of snow storm fell every day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CARRIER DOVE

Words by H. W. YOUNG. Music by HENRY M. OTTERSTEDT.


1. Speed thy light wings, pretty bird, and a-way To the bow - er of my la - - dy fair; Watch - - ing for thee at the
crescendo.
lat - - tice she sits, And with glad - ness will wel-come thee then; Bear her my words of de - vo - tion and love, This
con espressione.
kiss that I press on thy head,.............. And say, till I kneel at her feet once a-gain, That
peace from my bo - som has fled..... O
could I thy form but as-sume, bonny bird, As le - - gends say might be done,............. I'd fly to her chamber and
leave it no more, Till her heart for my own I had won.................. I'd perch on her shoulder, and kiss her sweet mouth, And
toy with her beau-ti-ful hair;...... But if from her pres-ence she wished me a-way, I'd die at her feet in de - spair.
rit.

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THE MISTAKES

Of the Average Man or the Erring Husband.

Dear readers, did the joys of a married life ever appear to you in all its splendor? If so, please let me congratulate you; if not, allow me in my feeble way to express my simple views in regard to connubial felicity. To begin with, permit me to say that the average man cannot or does not appreciate his wife and children at home as he should. I am not speaking from experience, but from common observation. What a pleasure it is for a husband and father to be surrounded by his wife and children, the dear angels of his life, provided the hand of providence has opened his eyes to the present pleasant surroundings, but on the other hand we will suppose that providence has not been kind enough to volunteer its service. What is the result? Why simply this: Man pursues his daily occupation of life in one perpetual, stupefied dream; he goes and comes to and fro to his duties, thinking little of what his wife's duties are, so long as she continues to discharge them in a cheerful way; he seems to think she is under strict obligations to do this without any compensation, even so small as a smile or a kind look or word. So thus he goes on in this hum-drum sort of way until at last the hand of fate descends upon him like a mighty cyclone and snatches him away from home and his loved ones, and then he stops and takes time to collect his scattered sense or thoughts, and looks back to the time when this greatest earthly treasure was a laughing school girl, who was his only thought. He watched her every step, movement, and every word she spoke was more musical than anything he had ever heard. His heart palpitated at sight of her. He adored her by day and dreamed of her at night. She returned his affections and when they reached maturity they pledged their vows to each other and thus both hearts become interwoven with the cob webs of love and were captivated in love. Their loving hearts beat as one, they were soon united in the holy bonds of matrimony with the one intent in view, that is with having the pleasure of drinking in the pleasure of each other's joys and soothing each other's sorrows. Consequently they were as happy a pair as was ever united; but alas, alas! by and by they came to realize the fault that they must devote some of their time to something else besides each other, so each one of them commenced to fight the royal battle of life, and the husband, well knowing that he will have the hardest burden to bear, begins to strike out in every direction for the maintenance of the now increasing family. He sees that he must bend every nerve and energy for this world's goods, so that he and wife may have the pleasure of ranking in social life. Consequently he becomes so engrossed over his financial affairs that he is all the time wearing a grave look; he fears that he will be unable to pay rent, or that his bank will fail, or that his possessions will be destroyed by fire, etc., and consequently his thoughts are not concentrated on his dear family as they should be. He does not appreciate his family's love as he should, if he ever considers those things at all. He thinks that, oh, well, as soon as I accumulate a small fortune I will then turn the back of my hand to fate forever, and then turn to my loved ones, the dear angels of my life, and drink in the love of the now overflowing cup of happiness and secrete her with loving kisses of supreme bliss.

But alas, alas! fate frowns on him at last, and he suddenly awakens to the fact that he is penniless, and probably, from some cause or other, he is involved in crime and separated from his dear family forever, or for a time at least. Then he thinks of the frown he has given for a smile, or the harsh word that was spoken unthoughtedly and in his anguish he cries out, "Oh, if I only could live my life again! if I could only see my loving wife one more time, and go down on my knees at her feet and ask forgivenness for the wrongs I have unintentionally done her, then I would once more be a happy man." Consequently he sees that wreck and ruin is the portion of a man that casts aside a wife's love for a a time only for this world's goods. Oh, if I could rue then my choice, I see my error now.

Yours fraternally in three V's,
JNO. A. HEILIG.

Thirtieth Annual Conference.

New Orleans, La., Special.

The thirtieth session of the Louisiana annual conference met in this city on February 6, and held up to the 13th. The conference was a grand one, with several of our big men present in the persons of Drs. Coppin, Shaffer and Smith. Dr. Smith recently came from Africa, and he did not fail to give us the information that we have so long hoped for. He had us to understand that no one is inviting us to the bosom of our fathers' home. Rich men can go, but poor men had better get rich before they leave the States. He also told us of a young native of Africa who came to the ship and wanted to trade fish for biscuit bread. As he failed to have a sack, basket or any thing to put his bread in (his shirt, pants, coat and vest consisting of a little piece of cloth that hung wagling about his loins), he uncoupled the cloth, leaving nude his whole person, wrapped his bread in it, turned gracefully to the ship and crew with a smile and pulled away in his little boat.

Bishop Lee is one of the best doctrinal preachers I have ever listened to. No one can forget his sermon before the Louisiana conference. Eight elders and two deacons were ordained.

Yours truly,
S. J. CHANNEL,
Reporter for The Freeman.

EULOGY ON BISHOP WARD

Delivered in Quinn Chapel A. M. E. Church,

Louisville, Ky., Sunday Morning June 24, 1894, by Prof. Louis H. Gibson Edward Waters College, Jacksonville, Florida.

When we consented, upon the very kind and cordial invitation of the pastor of "Quinn Chapel" to tell what we knew of Bishop Ward, to assume, in some degree, the role of an eulogist upon this occasion, we little thought of the great responsibility that would thereby rest upon us nor of the severity of the task set us. Indeed, for one to be an eulogist purely and strictly, requires somewhat of a thorough personal knowledge of the subject to be handled. The subject must have been closely observed all along through life—its every move and action, its virtues and its motives. In fact, of a truth, the eulogist might be more fittingly a companion, in a way, in order to do the subject entire justice; must have been a student of one's life, manner and customs, and thoroughly conversant with all the characteristics peculiar to the nature of his subject.

But there may be times when one who ventures to laud the good and excellent works and deeds of others may not be blessed with such privileges—may not have experienced this glorious communion so much necessary to aid one in bespeaking the praises of another, the sainted and beloved one gone on before.

There are times when they may not have been associated as life-time companions in work or play—they may not have been the students described above—they may not have been in close contact with each other, and thereby cognizant of the true inwardness and virtues of the being of each other—they may not have been much more than mere passers-by, acquaintances—and yet, by the nature of things and events, by some heroic deed, or at some very critical period in life, the one may have performed some act of kindness, administered some relief, let fall some words of comfort, erected some lasting monument to the fame and character of an individual, a nation or a people, constructed some humane or charitable institution, or act that at once brings him to the notice of the other and the public generally, which enables one (the other) to retrospect, review and to reflect over circumstances and events past and forgotten, which have passed away into mere nothingness, but now resurected, from which may be raked into new life the smouldering flames of eloquence, the lasting deeds of heroism, the Christian acts of charity, the warm affections for humanity, the powers of fulsome adulations, the virtues of philanthropy, and awaken in that breast sentiments and expressions of joy, and gladness, and approval which shall last forever and forever.

Such, my dear friends, is the condition of circumstances surrounding our case to-day, and such is the character of the subject brought before you for your kind consideration.

We have assembled here to-day to pay homage to the moral worth and respect of a great man, who has fallen at the hands of the common enemy—grim death. He was great in stature, great in executive force, great in moral attainments, great as a thinker concerning the moral, intellectual and physical status of his people, though, as he would often say, the times and exigencies of the moments during his day denied to him the superior advantages of an advanced education. Still, he had enough to keep him in the front ranks and above the common herd of mediocrity.

The good which men do live after them. The extent of good which Bishop T. M. D. Ward did for the amelioration of the condition of his people will never be ascertained or known, and, as such, will live on, and on, and on, throughout endless ages, until the Master shall order the final day of reckoning. He was particularly careful and earnest about the education of any who applied to him for assistance, being themselves of indigent circumstances. And thus it is, that through the scholarships which he endowed during his lifetime, at Wilberforce and at other institutions, graduates and workers for the race have been sent out into the world to bless humanity and to perpetuate the name of Ward. He was magnanimous to a fault.

So, it was not the nature of our subject to be showy or demonstrative in all that he did, like most persons desirous of praise. While magnificent, he was reticent; while magnanimous, he was at the same time plain and unassuming; while rich in nature's gifts of oratory and eloquence, he was undemonstrative; while from his very nature, position and physique he commanded respect, yet he was tender and kind, neither overbearing nor tyranical; though charitable, he made no display of his bequests.

We had the pleasure of meeting, and seeing and hearing this grand old gentleman for the first time during our stay at Wilberforce University during the early '70's. We think it was not later than the spring of '73, when he was assigned the task of delivering the annual sermon during the week of commencement exercises.

We never before, nor since, have heard such eloquence, such logic and rhetoric, such flowery phrases, such figure of speech, such picturesque word-painting as fell from the lips of that Sainted man of God on that day. And, as he said, it being his first visit to Wilberforce, he seemed to loom up with all the fire of eloquence in his soul and it was the common verdict, that his was the ablest discourse ever listened to by mortal being. His descriptive powers upon that occasion were great and at his commands. This characteristic belonged to him as to no other man. He called upon the mountains and they seemed to roll by with a velocity incalculable; he spoke to the trees and they walked and talked like men; the cattle of the hills came at his bidding and performed his services; the sun and moon and stars hid their faces behind the clouds at his brilliancy and appeared only when he bade them. And thus he went on carrying us in our imagination until we were seemingly transported into the Kingdom of glory itself. When he finished, it was generally conceded by all, that, he was the most powerful, eloquent, and profound orator in the whole round world.

No wonder, then, his power and influence was so greatly felt and feared in the then newly developed and far off West! No wonder, then, that men came and worshiped him and fell at his feet, as did Paul at the feet of Gamaliel! No wonder that his eloquence spread so far, and that the hard-hearted Westerners upon the Pacific coast became convicted and converted unto God by his powerful preaching! No wonder that his fame spread abroad, and that men of all shades sought him for his power, influence and affections! No wonder, then, that under his careful leadership an almost semi-barbarous wild West was turned unto God, and is now the seat of christian civilization and equal citizenship!

He was, at times, a regular correspondent to the Christian Recorder, through the columns of which he gave its readers some graphic descriptions of his various journeys and dissertated upon the success and material progress of the race in which he was deeply interested, and the mistreatments of which deeply affected him. His letters and "Notes by the Wayside," made interesting and enjoyable reading.

We next frequently met the Reverend gentleman as he passed to and fro upon his work in Missouri. Among the members of his district he was a very much beloved Bishop. They loved him reverently, and it is said of him that "He was a great leader of men." He seemed to exhibit this spirit in an admirable degree while in the district comprising Missouri. One especial characteristic feature of his nature was the quickness and readiness with which he seemed to grasp the needs and necessities of any contingency that might arise. He was always ready for the emergency when it came and had a ready remedy at hand—a panacea for the ill. I quite well remember when our sister church in St. Louis, Mo., "St. Paul," was wrestling with the vexing question of disposing of her property and re-locating elsewhere. It stood a stately statue among the slums of St. Louis, amid vice and wickedness upon every side of it; so that it became a very difficult matter for the good christian people, the youths of very tender ages, and the young misses of respectable families and of wholesome training to pass to and fro unmolested, or without falling a prey to demon-eyed monsters. Among thieves, and thugs, and scums and vagabonds—lewd, vicious, immoral characters stood this temple of God's holy worship.

It became apparent to the better thinking christian people of the church and congregateon, that the interest and welfare of the church would be best conserved if they would remove.

Time after time did one minister after another, working under the leadership of other Bishops, undertake the worrying task, but to no avail. It was left to the venerable Bishop Ward to solve the problem. He, it was, who found the key to the situation after being assigned that work. He picked out a young valiant christian minister from his conference—a mere boy, not brilliant for oratory or eloquence, nor for much learning and sholarship—but gifted with the powers of executive management and financial ability. Thus deciding, he placed the Rev. Cottman in charge of the pastorate, and how well and perfect was his judgement, one need only to visit the spot of Twenty-eighth and Chestnut streets (Beaumont and Chestnut streets), and there view the magnificent piece of church architecture erected in the name of African Methodism. This, too, being located in one of the most fashionable communities in the city of St. Louis, Mo. For its splendor and magnificent architectural structure, there is, perhaps, nothing to surpass it in the West.

While spending the winter of 1893 in this city, our home and birthplace, from which we had been absent for some years, we were surprised during our stay later on in the summer months, when breaking our mail, to find a communication signed, "Yours, T. M. D. Ward." 'Tis true, we were casting about for work in our natural and acquired profession, viz.: Teaching, but we had no such suspicion of falling into the grade of work, for which, in the first time in my life, this letter designated us. We were simply awe-stricken. The good Bishop after exchanging the usual customary courtesies, expressed his gratification in learning through some friends of our whereabouts and possible availability for a place in a school which he had at his disposal. He stated that a vacancy existed in Edward Waters College, Jacksonville, Fla. The place needed was a principal and professor of mathematics and languages, (Latin and Greek). He asked us whether we thought we could fill it, and if we could, would we accept it? Our characteristic reply was "Yes," and anything else we undertake; we can teach anything we ever studied and learned; our lifetime work is that of a teacher, pure and simple. Further correspondence developed the fact that he was once in earlier times, well acquainted with our father. Many inquiries of him followed. We were then advised what further to do in the case.

In the meantime, however, our name and the success of finding us, was heralded abroad throughout the state from one end of Florida to the other, and upon our arrival, we found that we had quite an enviable reputation to sustain, occasioned by the activity of Bishop Ward.

It would be well to state here, no doubt, that it is owing to the kind advice and exhortations of a loving father that we were led to accept this most generous offer; for we were very little inclined to cast anchors Southward on account of Southern prejudice, and little attention did we pay to offering our services to a denominational school. We finally yielded to his importunities, for we felt that he had wishes and desires which we could not well disregard, although there were other negotiations pending. It so happened that another letter from the Bishop disclosed what seemed to us, an impending difficulty. Seizing upon this as an opportunity, we stated the facts to him, and further declined the honor, asking him to please withdraw our name and consider us no longer a candidate.

As quick as lightning the word came back from Washington, D. C., a very short, decisive answer, like a telegraph shot, as follows:

"Replying to yours, would say, the place is open and waiting for you. All you have to do is to say you'll have it or not. The young man who formerly held the position has kindly consented to let you have it."

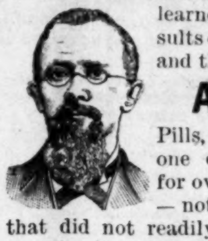
This seemed almost like a command—a demand—and we could not resist further. So upon the advice of our best friend and father, we wrote him "Alright, we will come," and reluctantly gave up the chase in other fields. We went at once, and decided not to "stand long on our order of going." We arrived in Jacksonville, Fla., Sept. 30, 1893, about 9 o'clock p. m. The Bishop had not yet appeared upon the scene of his winter quarters, but it was not long afterwards. He appeared at the college, looking over the premises and giving general instructions to the President, etc., to say nothing of the large number of questions, in which art he was well versed, we were put to the test of satisfying.

He repaired to his Episcopal residence, where soon he was confined for several months with such fevers as are akin to the climate and district. When he felt sufficiently rallied, he one day summoned us to his bedside. We found him much improved and feeling in quite a talkative mood. We spent about two hours with him upon this occasion, and severe was the ordeal through which we passed, for those who knew him. Remember, that in late years, he was quite hard of hearing, and it took all of one's strength nearly to converse with him. His interview and instructions, and desire for information was concerning the welfare, interest and progress of the college in toto. The general order and directions given by him were so point-blank, direct and emphatic—coming from that deep-sounding stentorian voice in such commanding eloquence, that to me, it seemed almost sacriligeous to disobey them—like refusing to obey an order of heaven itself. Let it suffice to say that Bishop Ward was wrapped up in Edward Waters College, as the much lamented scholarly Bishop Daniel A. Payne, was in Wilberforce. And had he had youth, strength and vivacity, (as he was wont often to say) re-inforced with a thorough knowledge of school affairs and scholarly education, no doubt, through the efforts of such a grand and glorious leader, Edward Waters College would be in time, the envy of many of her sister institutions, the pride of our race. His very heart and soul was in it, and often he would send for us to talk over its business and to prescribe remedies which were at no time, and in nowise ineffectual. He lived, however, to see and hear of its successful and manifest pro-

[Continued on Sixth Page.]

Over Thirty Years Without Sickness.

Mr. H. Wettstein, a well-known, enterprising citizen of Byron, Ill., writes: "Before I paid much attention to regulating the bowels, I hardly knew a well day; but since I learned the evil results of constipation, and the efficacy of AYER'S Pills, I have not had one day's sickness for over thirty years—not one attack that did not readily yield to this remedy. My wife had been, previous to our marriage, an invalid for years. She had a prejudice against cathartics, but as soon as she began to use Ayer's Pills her health was restored."



AYER'S Cathartic Pills

Medal and Diploma at World's Fair.

To Restore Strength, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

LOST RELATIVES.

DO YOU KNOW THEM?

I would like to find my brother and sister, George Hargrave and Fannie Hargrave. My name was Lucinda Hargrave; our mother Allie Hargrave. Brother, Robert Hargrave, and a white girl by name of Martha Hargrave were drowned at Mitchell's Mill and were buried at Limestone church. My brother and sister belonged to Bill Hargrave. and I was sold to Benjamin Elis, and he willed me to his married daughter, Nancy Norris. We lived in Jefferson Co., Ala., at the crossroads between Huntsville and Elk river. Pastors will please read to congregations. Any information will be thankfully received. Address Lucinda Pillow in care of Fannie A. Topson, 1313 East Fremont street, Des Moines, Iowa.

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And the Sunny Sonth.

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Solid Vestibuled Trains, Elegant Coaches, Buffet Parlor Cars, Wagner Sleeping Cars, Dining Car

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Where DIRECT CONNECTIONS are made with Solid Trains with Through Sleeping Cars of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, Queen & Crescent Route, and Louisville & Nashville Railway, to

HOT SPRINGS, OLD POINT COMFORT

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JACKSONVILLE, ST. AUGUSTINE,

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Positively and Permanently Restored in 2 to 10 days; EFFECT IN 24 HOURS; almost immediate relief. No nauseating drugs, minerals, piles or poisons, but the DELICIOUS MEXICAN CONFECTION, composed of fruits, herbs and plants. The most POWERFUL TONIC KNOWN. Restores the Vigor, Snap and Health of youth. Sealed Book FREE giving full particulars. Address San Mateo Med. Co., Box 481 St. Louis, Mo. Mention The Freeman.

Possibilities

For Making a Fortune Lost!

REGAINED.

There are many people who spend the last half of their lives weighted down under the burden of disease. With ill health, life drags so; opportunities for travel and pleasure are lost; possibilities for making a fortune in business are thrown away. They stand passively by and see others, withno better natural abilities or advantages, carry off the prizes in life, having won them because they tried for them.

Half of success in life, is in daring to try.

Are you a little nervous?

Nervousness is prostrating and is followed by sleeplessness, exhaustion, hysteria, mental depression.

Nervous prostration is followed by nervous debility, nervous debility left alone, soon becomes paresis, (softening of the brain) a complete breaking down of the system.

Insanity, and death.

There are troubles in life, enough to burden us down, that are unavoidable; without disease; especially, when a little care, a little medicine, and you are rid of it.

Albert Denno, 17 Engrew Ave., Rutland, Vt., under date of April 2, 1894, writes;

"Dr. Miles' Nervine is a wonderful medicine, my wife has taken it after having La-Grippe and it has helped her very much when everything else had failed."

Mrs. Anna Peuser, wife of the proprietor of the North Side Brush Works, 938 3rd St., Milwaukee, Wis., writes, May 3, 1894:

"I had been suffering for years from headaches, neuralgia, sleeplessness and a general nervous prostration, unfitting me for social and household duties, and at times I was completely prostrated with pain. I tried several physicians and many remedies, but received no benefit until I used Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine, when I found almost immediate relief and in a brief time have become quite my former self. I have since recommended the Nervine to others who have used it with the same good results."

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at $1, 6 bottles for $5, or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Nervine Cures.

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Good During All This Year.

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King of Magazines!
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King of Republican Dailies!
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King of Race Journals!

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THE FREEMAN.

SATURDAY, FEB. 23, 1895.

WARNING!

The public everywhere, and ESPECIALLY residents of FARMINGTON, CRYSTAL CITY, DE SOTO and other localities in Missouri are warned against one W. B. DAVIS, small of statue, weight aaout 150 pounds, light complexion, brown hair, one hand being off. HE IS NOT AN AGENT OF THE FREEMAN, and has no right to do business or receive money in our name.

FREDERICK DOUGEASS' DEATH.

At this hour, 7 a. m. Thursday, Feb. 21st, our edition being nearly off, we stop the press to make the sad announcement that FREDERICK DOUGLASS, the greatest of Negroes, is no more. A few moments before seven o'clock Wednesday night the 20th without any previous illness more than common, his great heart ceased to beat. During his active life of sixty years he filled the eye of the world. At his burial, the world will mourn the last of him on earth. Next week's Freeman will contain a full account of his life and last moments.

IN the death of Ex-Minister John L. Stevens, this country has lost a true American, a model citizen and the Republican party a worthy member. John L. Stephens, though dead, will be long remembered.—The Torchlight.

He won't be anything of the kind. He's already forgotten, and should be as far as anything meritorous he ever did in his brief space in the public eye.

Some one asks, What shall we do with the Negro? Give him fair play and let him alone. The question of his future is not a question of social position. It is not even a question of political rights. But it is the larger question of illumination, moral upbuilding and the pursuits of industries that yield comfort and competency. Let schools and churches be mutiplied for him; let workshops, lands, professions and all business avenues be opened to him, and there can be but little doubt about his future. Give him fair play and let him alone.—Republican Sun.

Yes, let him alone; that is, when the purpose of interference is to hinder his upward flight; for mark you Sir, he's going up; "he's all the time a coming," and the gates of hell shall not prevail against him.

IN the death of Fred Pelham, of Detroit, the race loses one of its most promising and best circumstanced young men. Probably no other colored man in the United States is prominently connected with the civil engineering department of a great railroad, as he was, nor are there many likewise situated in any other profession or business. He was highly proficient, though modest of his attainments. He was a true lover of his race, and, therefore, a thorough representative. His family is one of prominence and distinction, with whom friends and acquaintances all over the country will deeply sympathize. Mr. Pelham was a brother of Prof. Joseph Pelham, of Hannibal, Mo., and of Robert Pelham, jr., formerly of the Detroit Plaindealer. Though not so well known as his older brothers, he was well started upon a career as useful and quite as brilliant. Our regret for his untimely death is that of a sincere friend and ardent admirer.—Statesman-Exponent.

We can supplement the reflections of our contemporary from personal knowledge and acquaintance; deceased was all and more claimed of him. His bereaved family has suffered a great loss, but in a broad sense, the loss to the race is more to be deplored.

THE BOND SALE.

The bond sale which President Cleveland secretly negotiated with a syndicate of foreign and American bankers, and announced in a special message to Congress, is such a degradation of the credit of the government and such an unnecessary increase of the public debt that the stoutest partisans of the administration are astonished. Even the Boston Herald, than which there is not in the country a more devoted worshiper of the Mugwump's idol, denounces it as discreditable, inexcusable and shameful. * * * If we had a President and Secretary of the Treasury capable of pocketing a half a million in such a deal, they would have made the sale in just the way this one has been made, secretly, without giving any one an opportunity to make an offer, at a price far below the actual value, and then have divided the profits with the purchasers; but no one suspects Messrs. Cleveland and Carlisle of such rottenness as this. They have tossed a million or two into the laps of a few speculators in order to be able to say to Congress as Cleveland has said in his message: "If you will not give us authority to issue such bonds as we pprove of, the country must pay a much higher rate of interest than it would need to if you took our advice." Nothing could be more babyish than this, but there is no other explanation which does not brand them as boodlers who are using their official power to fill their pockets. This is exasperating and humiliating beyond expression. It is bad enough to be obliged to continually borrow money to keep the government machinery going in a time of profound peace, when most of our enormous war debt has been paid and we have no extraordinary expenses, and it is vastly worse when we are compelled to pay a double rate of interest for thirty years in order that a pig-headed President and his Secretary may furnish Congress with an object lesson illustrative of their notions of finance.—Mirror and Farmer.

ISAAC P. GRAY.

In the death of Isaac P. Gray, ex-Governor of Indiana and late Minister to our sister Republic, Mexico, the State losses a distinguished citizen and the party, with whose political fortunes he has been a partaker for many years, an astute able leader. Originally a Republican, leaving the party of Lincoln and Morton, with Sumner, Schurz and others, at the birth of the Liberal party in '72, his chief claim to the grateful memory of the "brother in black," is the action he took while yet a Republican, and president pro tem of the Indiana State Senate in '66 The ratification of the 14th Amendment was at stake, if memory serves us, Indiana's indorsement was absolutely necessary; the Democrats had threatened to turn over hades to defeat the final ratification of the great Amendment, many had resigned by letter to break the required quorum, but foolishly remained in the Senate Chambers. It was at this supreme moment, pregnant with the future weal and woe of a newly freed people and the glory and honor of his country that this dead man, over whose remains the last te deums have been chanted, proved the possession of such stuff as the Cromwells of mankind are made, by, with his own hands, looking the recalcitrant Senators in the room, with an order to the clerk of the Senate to officially to note their presence, thus securing a quorum. The memory of this one act, rendered at a time, and on an occasion, when it took great conrage, a lofty sense of duty, to dare to be right, should for all time entitle him to the grateful remembrance of the race.

A TEARFUL REQUEST.

Under Democratic rule Charleston, S. C., has some fifty Afro-American policemen. Under Republican rule in New York why can we not have at least ten? Who will answer that question.—The Age.

It may be "the fault is not in your stars, but in your selves, that you are underlings." If Nero fiddled while Rome burned, nevertheless the Imperial City was not built in a day. Republican rule in New York has always been evanescent, here to-day, gone tomorrow, has never reached the beef, always in the vealy stage, which no doubt has much to do, with giving you and other race patriots living in the Commercial Metropolis cause for sullen complaint. But we expect as being nearer the truth, you have been troubled with a surfeit of fine haired "leaders" a "leetle to nice" and too pigeon livered, to join the "copper" squad or make a "kick" to get on, hence have been readily appeased with a clerk or messengership here and there. According to the developments of the Lexow Committee investigation it cost more to be made a policeman in New York, than to be elected governor of a State, and unless the candidate black or white had plenty of the "gilt," his show to become "one av the finest sur" was a glimmering ideality.

TWO RACE BOOKS.

There will shortly appear from the press two books which should at once attract the attention of the reading and reflective classes of the race. The two works will be "Universal History of the Great Race of Ham" and "Encyclopedia of the Universal Progress and Achievements of the Great Hamitic Race." The compiler and author, Thomas W. Stewart, is one of the race's indefatigable literary delvers and a truly brilliant young man, whose contribution to its literature as promised in these forthcoming volumes cannot be estimated too highly. After ten years of research and the "midnight oil," Mr. Stewart feels justified in permitting the announcement of the coming fruition of his labors. Next week THE FREEMAN will contain a most interesting resume on the coming works from the author's own pen, which our readers will do well not to miss.

"IF HE SHOULD DIE?"

"If he should die?"—Should die.
I had not thought of that.
Why there would be
No baby in the world. To cry,
You say, and trouble me?
No baby in the world—that's all I say—
One baby out of it. But hush, I pray.

Blue flowers, and white, and red,
Would bloom. I know. But would I care?
They would be sweet. Above the dead
Some birds would fly, somewhere?
Only in lonesome leaves that, green or brown,
Would shadow one baby's grave and waver down.

—[Sarah Piatt, in Windsor Magazine.

A WOMAN'S CONFESSION.

Yes, kiss me, Beloved;
I yield to your lips;
But my spirit slips
Away from your touch,
If you kiss overmuch.

Yes, hold me, Beloved!
I feel your control;
But my wayward soul
Takes wings fleet and strong
If you hold me too long.

Ah, kiss me, Beloved!
But find a new way,
A more subtle play
To arouse and awake
Me to want what you take.

Ah, hold, me, Beloved!
But most by a spell,
That I may not tell
Why I stay, nor yet know
How I ever could go.

—[KATRINA TRASK.

COLORED WOMEN NOT WANTED.

The front page picture of THE FREEMAN last week was accompanied with an argument deploring the American disposition to close the doors of commercial and industrial employment against the youth of the race. This week we are called upon to record as shameful a story of Democratic disposition to militate against some score of worthy qualified women of the race as can be found within the annals of political meanness. Since Chief Johnson of the government Bureau of Engraving and printing at Washington, took charge of that office in July '93, not two years, there have been eighty women removed. Of this number eighteen were white and seventy colored; leaving only ten colored women remaining in the service. Of the whole number dismissed, eighteen white and seventy colored, twelve of the white women have been reinstated and but one colored woman. Another fact, all these women received their appointment through competitive civil service examination. But let the Civil Service Commission that has recently given publicity to the correspondence with the secretary of the treasury upon this matter, finish this story of small beer politics ergo Democratic narrowness and wrong, and after, kick yourself for not voting that ticket last fall if you can. Said the Commission, writing secretary Carlise under date of Dec. 15, '94

This nearly clean sweep of colored women extended also to appointments from the certifications of the Civil-service Commission from the register eligibles. In the year ended June 30, 1894. forty-five women were passed over upon certification without selection, of whom at least ten were colored. Under Mr. Johnson's predecessor, Mr. Meredith, appointments were made in the order of grade, practically none being passed over. Under Mr. Mededith there were only eighteen dismissals out about 158 women employed between 1888 and 1893, as compared with 88 dismissals to 534 employed in a year and a half under Mr. Johnson. At present there are only eight colored women remaining. Of the women dismissed by Mr. Johnson twelve white were reinstated and one colored.

"The fact of this large number of discharges of colored women and of passing them over on a certification has greatly reduced the number of colored women applying for examination. During Mr. Meredith's term under President Harrison's administration, there was only one colored woman removed. No allegation has been made to the commission that the colored women were removed for any misconduct."

In starting these facts to the Secretary of the Treasury, the commission said:

"From these facts it would appear that under the administration of the present chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing there have been very marked discriminating on grounds of color merely, not only in the making of appointments from the eligible register, but the dismissal of persons already in the service.

"THE VERY COMMON NEGRO."

Selecting the above caption, R. Henri Herbert of Trenton, N. J, contributes a half column to the Age of the 14th. So full of truth and healthy reflection that it seems a pity to bury it in our Cedar street contemporary's sheet, hence we give it the advantage of our quadruple circulation as compared to that paper. Read the "pesky thing," and if you find a picture of yourself drawn with a master's hand, don't use "cuss words," but cut it out, and paste it in your hat, as a check and a stay, when the impulse to make an ass of yourself is quick and big within you.

"The very common Negro is, after a fashion, one of the most troublesome factors in the Negro problem. He is as pervasive and as ubiquitous and as universal as the chaff in wheat before it goes to the thresher. He is gall and wormwood to the respectable, ambitious, charactered American citizen of African descent; a veritable thorn in the flesh, a cloud upon the horizon of his prospects and an ever present source of apprehension for the future of his race.

Sometimes the very common Negro has money. This form of him is probably more obnoxious than any other. He generally assumes a wonderful superiority to his dusky brethren who possess little of the root of evil, and to maintain it uses every effort to prevent their possessions of avenues for its obtainment.

Sometimes he obtrudes himself into good society, and by his vulgar ostentation and loud mouthed vanity generally succeeds in converting into Aryan aristocrats everybody with whom he is thrown in contact.

Sometimes he goes into politics and then it is that he illustrates in an irrefutable manner the truth of the proverb that the greater altitude attained by Simian exertion the greater revelation of anatomical peculiarities ensues.

Another form of the very common Negro is the half fledged graduate of some second-rate colored 'university.' His development of the unheard of possibilities of the English language, and his entirely original and generously profuse use of alleged Latin and Greek have long been the wonder of the unlettered and the terror and dismay of the really intelligent members of his race.

Sometimes the very common Negro has an exalted (?) position in State or government employ. This variety usually spends his nights lying awake thinking that every other colored man in his immediate section of the country is intriguing for his position, and devotes his leisure hours during the day to boasting about how "solid" he has made himself in his position and to blowing about the distinguished consideration that is given to his scrubbing, his bootblacking or himself.

Sometimes the very common Negro has not the distinguishment of office-holding but wants it. Then the V. C. N. industriously develops all the latent energies of his very common nature. The avidity and earnestness with which he goes to work to turn out some decent colored man who has secured a position for himself in the numerous army of office holders, would do credit to a Tartar missionary in the days of Ge-Hing-Tu. The V. C. N. never tries to get a position that a colored man has never held. That isn't his way. He always endeavors to turn some colored man out. He never attempts to build up or advance his race. He couldn't if he would and wouldn't if he could. He tears down until eventually he is 'torn out' or sat down upon so heavily that he ceases longer to offend the nostrils of an injured public, and slinks back into his very common sphere in life

No matter where he is—in societies, churches, clubs, public meetings—anywhere, everywhere the very common Negro is a nuisance. He is a blot upon the character of the race. He is a barnacle upon its development, a hideous check to its progress. He brings it into ridicule and disrespect. He divides its councils and negatives the best efforts of its unselfish leaders. He furnishes food for the natural prejudices of the Caucasian against it. He should be suppressed. To the race of Douglass and Garnett, Bruce and Fortune, he is a shame and a reproach. He is a bar to its advancement, rot to its growth. If he won't die and can't be killed, some effort should be made to make him keep his very common place.

THE COLORED BROTHER IN THE M. E. CHURCH.

Prof. Wm. Lewis Bulkley, Ph. D., of the M. E. church, professor of Latin and German, Clafin University, Orangeburg, S. C., has addressed a circular letter to numerous of his brethren in the church, the import of which can be gleaned from the following excerps:

"There has been evidently growing for many years an uneasiness among the 250,000 Negro members of the Methodist Episcopal church. That restlessness has, to say the least, not been quieted by the appearance of Bishop Foster's book on 'The Union of Episcopal Methodism.' It is apparent to many that some steps must be taken to adjust more satisfactorily our relation to the mother church.

* * * * * * * *

"Great embarrrssment meet us at every step. Our sister churches (wholly Negro) reproach us with charges that militate against our success in nearly every part of our field. The charge with which they chiefly cripple us is, say they, we dare not hope for any but subordinate positions in our church; that there is among us no chance for capable men to reach positions to which their talents may entitle them. Naturally similar statements made by Bishop Foster are used by them as a means against us.

* * * * * * * *

"With him we do not believe that the church is ready to have colored superintendents over white conferences. In the nature of things that is too much to expect. But we do believe that colored bishops could be elected without the addition of any restrictive clause; that they could meet with the board of bishop and be assigned each time to preside over colored conferences. When a man is consecrated to the work of the ministry, not a word is said as to his serving white or colored congregations, but it is tacitly understood, and he neither aspires to nor is appointed over any but the charge for which circumstances best fit him. The same thing is true of presiding elders. Cannot the like rule hold with regard to bishops? If not, why not?"

Nothing that is said by "sister churches, wholly Negro" in criticism of the limitations placed upon the Negro's growth in the M. E. church can be nearly so embarrassing as the fact, the charges are true, have been true, and bid fair to be true if not ad infintum for many years at least. To a man up a tree, or a resident of prodestant Europe, where the hateful, cussed American prejudice is unknown, the very natural query would be, why not a colored bishop be assigned to preside over a "white conference," if he possessed the right stripe of piety, and the necessary qualifications? We, to the manor born, residents of this "cess pool of unfairness," are not troubled by such interrogation as what does all this mean, etc., we know, and when pressed, can offer some excuse and palliation, but all the excuses and explanations this side of hades, cannot remove the fact that the Great Mother church has yet to attain to that breadth and charity of view, that will enable her to treat all her children out of one spirit—regardless of color, past or present condition, and thus prove her sincerity in the chant—"For of such is the kingdom of heaven"

AN INDIANA NEGRO COLLEGE ORATOR.

In the forthcoming State oratorical contest, to be held in Indianapolis, an Afro-American representative will compete for the oaken crown against the bright Anglo-Saxon intellects selected to represent the different colleges in the State at the great intellectual tourney. A special to the Indianapolis News had this to say of Mr. Preston Eageleon, aged eighteen, the first colored student to win oratorical honors against white competitors in an Indiana college:

"The selection of Preston V. Eagleson, the young colored student, to represent Indiana University in the coming State oratorical contest at Indianapolis, has created much talk about the university and city, but there has been little or no opposition to the decision. This is largely accounted for by the fact that Eagleson was marked first by four of the six judges and second by the other two judges, both on thought and delivery. It was also apparent by the manner in which the decision was received by the audience when announced that it was thought to be just.

"Eagleson is one of two colored students who have been attending the institution, and is the son of a barber, who works hard in order that the son may secure an education. He is eighteen years old and took second honors in the high school after a three years' course, By reason of this fact he was given a scholarship for Indiana University, which has been a great help in assisting him in a financial way in his college course. When the time to graduate in the high school came there was some hesitation as to who should march with him to the platform on commencement night, some of the class objecting on account of his color, when Miss Spencer, who was awarded first honors, spoke up and said she would gladly walk with him, regardless of what people might say. In the fall of '92 Eagleson entered the university proper, since which time he has not only kept up with his classes, but has been regarded as one of the strong students. He makes a specialty of history and philosophy, and by reason of his athletic ability was selected as one of eleven out of about fifty candidates for positions on the Indiana University foot-ball team, and he has played in the left half-back position for the past two seasons. * * *

"He will be the first colored orator who has ever appeared on the platform in a State contest, and as an Iowa college has also sent a colored speaker to its State contest, it may transpire that there will be two colored orators in the interstate contest."

UNDER $200 00 BOND

For Cutting Down a Tree—Odd Fellows' Sermon—Personals.

Paducah, Ky., Special.

George O. Hart was pronounced insane. Judge Thomas held a colored man under $200 00 bond for cutting down a dead hickory tree through mistake on the farm of Stance Potter in this county. The valentine masquerade on the 14th drew a large audience. Owing to some misunderstanding between the lodges of this city and Rev. G. W. Dupee the Odd Fellow's annual sermon will not take place at the Washington street Baptist church. The committee is now re-arranging matters and will probably select the A. M. E. church. "The Coon Hollow" with its colored singers and dancers will appear at Morton's opera house on the 27th. Miss Jennie Hammers of this city will be the pianist for the Mme. Sylvester concert here on the 24th. She will act in the same capacity at Metropolis, Ill., Mayfield and other towns in this vicinity. Miss Hattie Berry is on the sick list. A child of Reuben Johnson's died on the 14th in Stringtown, Ill. The Freeman can be found at 419 Jackson street every Saturday.

Baptists Gave a Social.

Lockland, O., Special.

Rev. D. W. Butler preached his fourth sermon on the seven seals last Sunday. The Mt Zion Baptist church have organized a Christian Endeavor Quite a number of our citizens are on the sick list. Among the number are Mrs. M. J. Payne, Mrs A. Ingram, Miss L. Renfro and Mrs. French Whitehead. The exhibition at the white school displayed excellent work done by our people. Mrs Maria Gray spent Saturday in Cincinnati, Ohio Mr. John Hudson spent Saturday in Cincinnati also. Miss Alice Duskin entertained Miss M. E. Carter and Prof. W. N. Johnson last evening at her home. A social was given by the Baptist congregation at the residence of Mrs. M. Hill. Mrs. Mitchell, of Cincinnati, O., was the guest of Mrs Addie Roberts.

The "Terps" Entertainment.

Muncie, Ind., Special.

The revival at the Second Baptist is a success; Rev. Averett of Indianapolis is assisting. The young people are preparing to give the cantata, "Jeptha" The A. M. E, Sunday school is doing nicely. Rev. H. E. Stewart will preach a special sermon to the young men on the 24th. Louis Gateskill is better. Miss Mary Shoecraft is sick. Mrs. Mattie Boyer is very ill. Lee Cottman is better, also A. Moore. At the Terpsichorean entertainment on Thursday evening at the residence of Mrs. Maggie Morin, the following guests were present: Miss Poindexter of Chicago; Miss Strothers of Columbus, O.; Misses Boyer, Ellis, Nora and Flora Morin, Newton, Miss Jones of Springfield, Miss Smith of Louisville; Messrs. Furgerson, Adams, Fish, Yokum, Traburn, Hester, Fossett and John Morin. Miss Mary Fletcher is better. Mr. and Mrs Kelly's baby is no better. Miss Louise Sweeney was given a piano for a birthday present Dr. Furgerson is having a success in his business. Joe Boyd and Miss Ida Well are in the city

Ignorance Striving to Lead Intellegence.

Helena, Ark., Special

The Second Baptist Church re-elected S. D. Gibson their former pastor. There is a great deal of disatisfaction among the members on account of Rev. Gibson. Deacon Davis seems to be running the church. The deacons were not satisfied with electing a pastor, they had to tamper with the Sunday-school officers. They, the deacons, elected Dr. P. W. Clark superintendent; Monroe Watson, librarian; John Key secretary; Mrs. Lousia Davis treasurer; Mrs. Georgie Randolph organist. The Sunday school seems to be very well satisfied with all of the officers with the exception of the treasurer, Mrs. Louisa Davis. The Second Baptist Sunday school is as fine a school as there is in the State, but ignorance cannot lead intellegence The idea of men who don't know "a" from "b" dictating to 200 pupil as to who shall be their officers, when the Sunday school has public school teachers, doctors, musicians and men and women of every profession in their midst. Why the idea is absurb. The centennial revival closed last week. Rev. E. C. Morris D. D., baptized twenty converts on last Sunday. Married Mr William Reeves to Miss Fannie Badger on last Thursday evening Jan. 31st. Dr. P. W. Clark is improving. The Second Baptist Church has started a revival,

An Open Letter to Bishop Turner

FROM REV. C. S. SMITH, NASHVILLE, TENN

RT. REV. H. M. TURNER, D. D., LL. D.

DEAR BISHOP:—Your esteemed favor of the 15th inst., at hand. As you are on the eve of making a third visit to Liberia, West Africa, and as hundreds of our people seem to be inclined to emigrate to that country, and as you, among others have been urging them to do so, I have presumed to call your attention to the following brief statements: First, when in Monrovia I was informed by President Cheeseman and others, that they did not desire any emigrants unless they had capital to help develop the country, and that emigrants without means would not be welcome. Second, I was informed that the government did not hold itself responsible for the reception and care of emigrants after reaching there. They must be prepared to take care of themselves. Third, I was also informed that the only inducement which the government holds out to emigrants of any class is twenty-five acres of land to heads of families, and ten acres to single men.

With these declarations coming from the highest officials in Liberia, would any one be justified in continuing to urge our people to emigrate to that country indiscriminately and en masse? Have you reasons to believe that the so-called "International Migration Society" with headquarters at Birmingham, Ala., is able to redeem its promise to transport persons to Liberia for $41 00 and furnish them with a certain amount of provisions after reaching there? Have you knowledge that direct steamship communication has been established between the United States and Liberia? I can learn of none, though I have made diligent and anxious inquiry,

I look upon the so-called "International Migration Society" as an organized swindle, and that they are (and that without the knowledge and authority of the Liberian government) holding out hopes and promises in regard to that country which can never be fulfilled or realized. Quite recently they have advertised that a steamer will leave Savannah, Ga., March the 9th, 1895, direct for Monrovia, Liberia, and other West African ports. This they claim will be the first sailing of the new line of "The African Steamship Co." I have reason to look upon this latter statement as a most glaring falsehood. I call your attention to the statements of this "Society," as I see they are using your name quite prominently.

In their "Bulletin," issued last month, I note quite a lengthy letter from Rev. A. L. Ridgel, in which I find the following paragraph: "The president of Liberia has spoken plainly and encouragingly; the Republic has made arrangements for your reception and welcome; now what more can you ask?" This paragraph, as you will observe, plainly contradicts what I have said regarding the present disposition of Liberia concerning the emigration of our people to that country. If what Brother Ridgel says is true, there has been a radical change in the policy of the Liberian government on the emigration question since I held an interview with President Cheeseman, Monday, Nov. 26, 1894. The utterances of such men as Con. R. A. Sherman, Secretary of the Navy; Hon. Arthur Barclay, Post-master General and Acting Secretary of State; Hon. F. E. R. Johnson, Attorney General; Ex-secretary of State Gibson; Henry Cooper and son, prominent merchants; Rev. J. H. Deputie, Presiding Elder of the M. E. church and others, fully supported the statements made to me by President Cheeseman.

Donald Johnson and family of Hot Springs, Ark, Lafayette Woodall and family of Denver, Col, S. Smith and John Hinon of Pine Bluff, Ark., and Miss Frances Davis of Toronto, Canada, reached Monrovia some time between the 10th and 15th of last December and a private letter just received here conveys the intelligence that all the members of the Johnson and Woodall families are sick, with the exception of one child, and that they are suffering for want of proper shelter and care.

In my opinion, our people might just as well rush into the jaws of death as to go to Liberia penniless and dependent. For various and significant reasons, which I have not time now to enumerate, I am induced to address you this letter on the eve of your departure for the third time to Africa.

May God protect you from the perils of the deep and the dangers of the land, and bring you back again safely to your friends and native home.

Both Feet Frozen.

Legansport, Ind., Special.

Miss Page has been very sick. Frank Collins spent Sunday at Kokomo. Mrs. A. J. Allen is on the sick list. Andrew Gibson is convalescing but his eyesight is very bad. Presiding Elder A. Smith preached at the A. M. E church last Monday night after which quarterly conference convened. Geo. Chatman of Lafayette was in the city to attend the funeral of his uncle. Harry Russell of Delphi is in the city Richard Johnson who had both feet badly frozen died last Saturday night at St. Joseph's hospital. His feet were amputated just above the ankle; he was in such a weak condition that he could not recover from the same. His funeral was held at the A. M. E. church, Rev. McDaniels officiating.

Fled to Parts Unknown.

Metropolis, Ill., Special.

Mme. Louise Sylvester sang at the A. M. E. church, Friday Feb. 22nd. The Odd Fellows are preparing to have a Thanksgiving sermon the first Sunday in March. Mrs. Rev. Stewart was very ill; improving. The Baptist Sunday school gave an entertainment at Rev. Robinson's residence last Saturday evening. George Wheeler is very sick. Wm. Herron is improving. Solomon Cobb, sr., has an appointment in Springfield. W. A. Laden is very ill in Chicago.

The "Palace" Housekeeper Dead.

Santa Fe, N. M., Special.

Mrs. Jennie Freeman died on Feb. 13 of pneumonia. She was the housekeeper of the Palace Hotel for the past ten years. She was a native of Canada and was eighty years of age. She leaves one son and a comfortable bank account. Christian Hall wears a happy smile—new daughter. Gus Ashford has been promoted to the head waitership at the Palace.

Important Request { THE FREEMAN desires the present address of every MAN, WOMAN and CHILD, who at ANY TIME within its history acted as its agent, BUT NOT AN AGENT NOW. If you are one, drop us a "postal" at once; we HAVE GOOD NEWS for you.

$3 ONLY ONCE IN A LIFETIME $5

$5.00 for $3.00. $10.25 for $5.00.

10 DAYS ONLY!

PANTS	$10 25	PANTS
PANTS	9 25	PANTS
PANTS	8 25	PANTS
PANTS	7 25	PANTS
PANTS	6 25	PANTS

FIVE DOLLARS.

PANTS	$10 25	PANTS
PANTS	9 25	PANTS
PANTS	8 25	PANTS
PANTS	7 25	PANTS
PANTS	6 25	PANTS

THREE DOLLARS.

PANTS	$5 25	PANTS
PANTS	4 25	PANTS
PANTS	3 75	PANTS
PANTS	3 00	PANTS

PANTS	$5 25	PANTS
PANTS	4 25	PANTS
PANTS	3 75	PANTS
PANTS	3 00	PANTS

MADE TO YOUR ORDER.

$5 PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO. $3

SUITS AND OVERCOATS.

106 North Pennsylvania St. O. P. LEE, Manager.

MY LIFE AS I REMEMBER IT—AS SLAVE AND FREE MAN.

COMPILED, ARRANGED AND WRITTEN BY MYSELF
GEORGE L. KNOX.

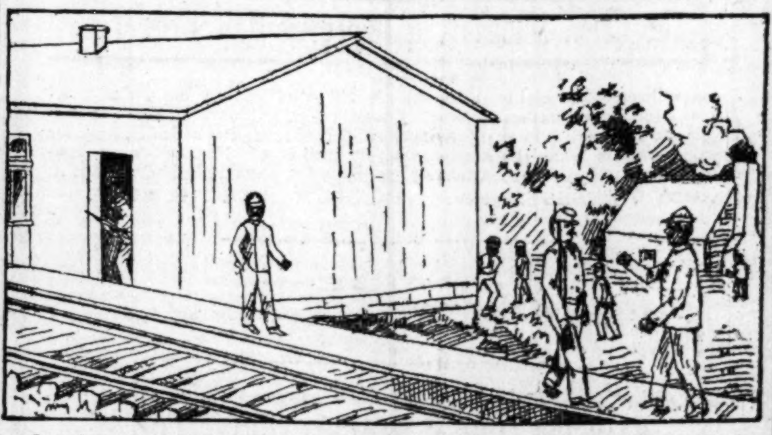
CHAPTER XII.

To return to Chapter tenth, my readers recall that in company with my command, I had reached Louisville, with signs of trouble ahead of us. Well we marched on down the street and made a turn towards the quarters. The major had not overtaken us yet, so we went in and found the general there. He said, "do you remember what Adjutant Smith was talking about?" I said "yes sir." He interrogated us as to how we left home. I told him our masters had gone to the rebel army and wanted to take us, but we did not want to go and ran off. So he passed the whole eleven of us. He gave orders to his daughter to write passes for eleven of us and put our names in a large envelope. We went down to the river and met some stragglers that had got left from our command who made especial boast that they would kill the first colored man they saw on Indiana soil. I was afraid we might get hurt as we were not armed; however, I hired a wagon and we went to the depot. When I got there our train was gone. All the time these stragglers were swearing they would kill the first "nigger" on Indiana soil. The time had come for something to be done. There were men in the crowd old enough to be my father, scared nearly to death. I was scared as bad as any of them, but did not let on. One of our persecutors walked about ten paces and turned; I showed fight. He then turned and left us, swearing he would kill the next "nigger" he saw. I saw I had my man conquered and I hollowed and told the others I had him and that they might come out from behind the depot where they had hid.

Now we were in the free state for the first time in our lives. The conductor passed by and said "boys, you are left, but I will bring you up in single file." That was usually an army term when they were going to use us pretty rough, and it excited us a great deal, but we afterward learned that he meant all right. Just about dark the train backed up and all of us got on the cars. It was the first passenger car I was ever in my life. It seemed strange to me, but it was comfortable. They had moved the soldiers to the freight car. About eleven o'clock in the night we overtook the soldiers again. The conductor said "here is your regiment." We all got off the cars and had to get in the box cars where there was no fire, and the soldiers were all on a spree, having a big time, some fighting and some threatening to kill.

We came on and the next day landed at Indianapolis. Everything seemed strange to me. The land seemed to be so level and most of the houses seemed to be so small. In slave time they always had one large house, where the white people lived and around it were a lot of cabins where the colored people lived, so when I looked out and saw but one house and that a small one, it seemed odd to me. When we landed at the depot we were all marched down to the barracks on South West street. There we went into quarters and stayed a short time until we could get transportation to different homes. We had heard before we had gotten here how the country and the people were broken up, but we found business going on the same as though there had been no war, and the women walking along the streets, wearing tall sky scraper bonnets, fashionable at that period. I stepped into the "Occidental Clothing Store" on the corner of Illinois and Washington streets, and bought me a suit of clothes. I bought a gray suit as that was my fancy then, and paid $40.00 for it. I could get the same suit now for $5.00, and I thought then I was getting it cheap at $40.00.

After a time we left the city and went up into Hamilton county. I went out there with Capt. Dunn and remained there while we had thirty days furlough. We got off at Cicero and marched through the mud and went up to a place that was known as Boxville Town. During my stay there I stopped with Dr. Collins. His family treated me very fine. These men who stayed at home and opposed the war and said that it was done "to free the niggers," said they did not intend to have any "niggers" come into Boxville Town to stop. They took Capt. Dunn to task about it and he said that he had brought me there. They swore they would run me out of town and he swore they would not; he said if they did, they would have a very warm time doing it. The boys all had quite a banquet when they returned home, and everybody gathered in to give them a great feast. There was a settlement of colored people there and throughout Hamilton county. While I was there I visited around and had a nice time. The thirty days were up and we had orders to go back to Indianapolis.



One of our persecutors walked about ten paces and turned; I showed fight. He then turned and left us, swearing he would kill the next "nigger" he saw. I had my man conquored, * * * and told the others they might come out from behind the depot where they had hid.

While I was in Boxville I took the measles and came very near passing out. For about five days and nights I suffered from a gathering in my throat, and could neither eat, sleep or drink. Mrs. Dr. Collins was such a fine lady and treated me just as if I had been one of the family. She was a lady that I can never forget. We had been living on hard tack, what was called sow belly and beans, and when we went to Dr. Collins we had eggs, coffee, etc., and I was permitted to sit down to the table with the rest of the family. This was strange to me. It cost me while I was there $5.00 a week for board and doctor bill. This left me in debt about $20.00 The doctor kept an account of it. Now it was getting time for the regiment to move back to the front again. All the boys were going back. The colored boys said they were in a strange land and they were going back South as they wanted to go home. The fellow I "messed" with said he was going back. I told him that I was not going back. He asked me why and I asked the advice of some of the soldier boys and they had said that if they were me they would not go back. I told them that I did not propose to go out of heaven into hell. They marched off and I stayed in Indianapolis. I loafed about a week looking for something to do.

CHAPTER XII.

This was in April '64. I went up Meridian street and hired to Judge Martindale for $15.00 a month. All east of him at that time was owned by a colored man by the name of Freeman. I stayed at Judge Martindale's three days. I stayed at home on the first Sabbath night and kept the children while they went to church. I thought I had served my time at keeping children—had served an apprenticeship at it. I had a friend of mine who came on Sunday to see me. He was not treated just as I thought he ought to be. I was told that I should see him in the wood house. I had my little room up stairs and in that little room I had a little carpet sack made out of black oilcloth, and in this little carpet sack I had my earthly possessions. I slipped it down stairs and sat it out in the wood house, and as the judge came down he asked "what that meant," and if that was my carpet sack, and when I replied that it was he asked what I intended to do. I told him I was going to quit, and he asked me if I did not like it there. I said I had quit and he asked what I quit for. I told him I did not have enough to do there. I would rather go somewhere else and get more money. He took me in his buggy and on the way he talked to me and told me I was very foolish for quitting, and that I was just the boy they wanted and that they were all pleased with me. but I told him that I must have more money. He said that I would run around and never do any good, and that I had better stay with him. The fact of the business was, it was too dull and lonely for me, after being in the army and I wanted to come down town, where it was more lively. I did not even ask him for pay for the work I had done.

I only had twenty cents in my pocket. I went to the Bates House and got a job there at $18.00 a month as yard man. The first night I was there they had one black man there who had charge of all the china of the hotel; his name was Dorsey. He hired me to black 150 pairs of of boots for 50c; I did not commence this work until eleven o'clock in the night. As I was not accustomed to this work it took me quite a while to get through. At that time all the boarders would put their boots outside of the door and the bell boys would bring them down. About three o'clock in the morning I got through and the boys had all the boots carried away. The next morning the man paid me for the job; I then had 70c in money. The next day he wanted me to do the same job again. I asked him how much he would give me; he said he would give me 50c, and I told him I would not do it for that. I told him I would do it for 75c. He was standing up about thirty feet from the ground in a hallway between the help-house and the hotel. He told me not to get too smart or he would give me a thrashing. This aroused me and I told him that if he came down from where he was I would break his head with the shovel I had in my hand. This bluffed him out and that did away with my boot blacking for a spell.

The next day the landlord called me and said "yard man, I want you to come up higher." I went up in the hotel and he said that he wanted me to be porter up stairs. I felt that was rather a promotion for me. I was not there long until I was made head porter. It was right in the time of the closing of the war and money was plentiful. I made about $10 00 a week extra. I was there about six months and had saved up about $100.00, bought me two suits of clothes and a trunk. The president of the street railroad boarded there. He was the president of the first street railroad in Indianapolis. During the State Fair I wanted to go to it. I had orders not to, but I went any way. While I was working in the hotel I went up into a room one day to get a valise and there was a one-armed officer who was going down to take the bus to go to Cincinnati. He had dropped $75.00. I brought it down and gave it to him. He thanked me very much and gave me a dollar, the landlord doing the same.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EULOGY ON BISHOP WARD

[Concluded from Third Page]

gress, and its excellent and unparalleled closing for this scholastic term, such as was never before known in the history of its ten years' existence. And this, too, during his first and only active administration as President of the Trustee Board.

The school term having closed, we found ourselves engaged as his amanuensis, we were with him constantly every day. He loved to talk about his early career—of his ministerial work, his travels, and his experience during the early 40's out in the wild West—California—of his privations and deprivations—of imminent dangers and hair-breadth escapes, and would relate them with all the earnestness of his soul, not ostentatiously nor boastingly, but as true tests of man's ability when determined, and God's influence and power to shield and protect his obedient children. Truly he was a man of God, for none but true followers of the Lord Jesus could undergo the sufferings and hardships through which he passed during the long seige of those depressing years.

It may not be amiss here to relate a circumstance of interest, no doubt to the citizens of Louisville, and of interest most particularly to the members and friends of this congregation. Shortly after our first visit to him in Jacksonville, Fla., we were again summoned to his bedside. During the course of that interview we were asked in a particular manner concerning the work and success of your able pastor, Rev. Evans Tyree. We were somewhat surprised at the inquiry, and yet, happy to know that we were able to attest our knowledge of his fitness and ability. He desired to know how he got along, how the people liked and regarded him, and how in turn, he liked the people and his charge.

Having satisfied the questions asked, he said to us, "Professor, I wish for you to write to the Rev. Tyree for me, and say to him that I would like to have him in Florida. If he will come here, I have an excellent place for him—he will be just the man for the place, and will suit the people."

We did so at once, but in the return reply we learned that "Ephraim was joined to his idols," and was reluctant to leave them. We find ourselves next busy every day for three or four hours at a time drafting letters at his dictation. This also, too, in him was an art. In all of his writings, more or less, he manifested his zeal for the school, for he seldom ever let slip an opportunity to say something good and commendable of its management. His future plans and ideas with relation to it were such that had he lived to prosecute them, or if ever they may be yet executed by others, at no far distant day the college will be placed upon a more solid and substantial basis. To his superior management of the men under his charge, his constant war cry of the needs of the school to the people throughout the state, and the people's confidence in his integrity, honor and interest—to his manly virtues and principles is to be attributed the wonderful success of that institution for the season just closed, when its enrollment was greater than ever, more than 250, and the number of boarding students increased from one to forty-nine.

In this we would not be understood as detracting one width from the excellence, virtue and abilities of any other but, we would be understood as giving the first honors to him who led and directed the forces; all others were but as instruments in his hands for accomplishing good.

He was very sensitive. He was always preparing to live a little while longer, for at the ripe age of 70, he challenged both physical infirmities and the wear of years, and kept himself constantly well prepared in fancied cures for his ailments. Early in the spring, while starting out upon one of his circuits, he had the misfortune to receive a very severe fall while attempting to enter his carriage. This too, aggravated his physical debilities and he was again laid up for some weeks. When he rallied from his last confinement, it seems that he was conscious that the hand of death had already taken hold of him. It was his great desire and talk, as he indicated, to visit Wilberforce once more for all time to come. He was not blessed with that privilege, however.

During the last few weeks of his life we noticed an insatiable desire to mark all his dictations with signs of his approaching death. He would invariably beseech the recipient of his letter, at the close, "to meet him in the bright beyond, should he see him no more." Thus we were impressed the more, that he was conscious that he could live but a little while longer, and he was thus making due preparations to meet his end.

Some of his latest dictations ran in this wise: He ordered, "a memorial window" to be placed in the church in Pennsylvania where he was first ordained, "in commemoration of his late wife and most sainted lady."

"To Miss Hallie Q Brown, Wilberforce, O:—I would like to visit the grand old historic spot of Wilberforce, and look upon her classic walls once more. For such is the condition and state of my health now, that, I fear I shall never be able to see her again. If I never more see you, meet me in the bright beyond."

Likewise to his associate, Bishop A. Grant:

"I should like very much to visit Wilberforce with you, but I fear the condition and state of my health at this time will not permit me to leave here. All I am now doing, is simply packing up and getting ready. You understand very well my business and affairs, and I think, as I hope, when the time comes you will find everything in perfect order. If I never more see you, meet me in the bright beyond."

This letter impressed us more than any previous one, and we laid aside our pen to remonstrate with him upon the subject of dying, saying, we could not spare him yet—he was too able a man and there was much more work for him yet to accomplish. He replied. I must go; I cannot stand the work, it is too much for me, and I'd rather some one else would have it.

At this juncture he began to prepare to take the carriage in waiting, for he was bound for the District Conference at Deland, Fla., which assembled about June 8th. We accompanied him in town and he talked business matters concerning the school. This was on Thursday, June 7th, about noon. Before leaving us he remarked, "I will return about Saturday—come out to my home on Monday morning bright and early, and we will attend to that matter of which we have been talking. I assented and bade him a safe journey and God's speed.

He went, and I am told exerted himself greatly, giving the ministers present an eloquent final appeal, for he also did not fail to warn them there that he would never more meet them in Conference.

Returning on Saturday, the 9th, he made an effort to leave for Fernandina Fla., on the following morning, in order to spend the Sabbath there. God had ordained otherwise, for he returned home and spent the Sabbath in a very cheerful happy mode until he retired at night, which he did after an unusually long family service. Having given directions for work to be done on the morrow and during the week, in which we also were to have been engaged, he retired. He complained that his head was not high enough. Having had it properly adjusted with an additional pillow, his guardians bade him good night, not to hear his voice again during the night, as was his custom. Becoming alarmed at this, his bedside was approached early in the morning only to make the startling discovery, that, all that was mortal of Bishop Ward had flown to the "bright beyond."

Thus, my hearers, have you had a comparative stranger's account of a God-fearing man, and in obedience to his wish, we will, God willing, return to our post to continue in plans which he inaugurated. Bishop Ward, the tenth Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, is no more. Do you ask, where has he gone? Would you, members, friends, and strangers desire to see him?

Then, in his own language, we beseech you, "meet him in the 'bright beyond.'"

Echoes From The Gem City.

Lafayette, Ind., Special.

Our population numbers over 30,000 and is one of the wealthiest counties per capita in the state. The Monon R. R. Shops are located here, which means 2,000 more people to swell our present population. Then comes the new Soldiers' Home with an appropriation of $75,000 dollars to start it. Purdue University with hundreds of students two colored, viz: Drs. Chas. Chavis and Fred Stokes, who will graduate in April. Rev. Mrs. G. T. Thurman of Jackson Michigan, one of the most learned Afro-American ladies in the United States, evangelist of the A. M. E Conference, and representative of the Michigan Confer nce, preached here last Sunday at 7:35 p. m,, and Monday at 7:30 p. m. in the A. M. E. Church to an over flowing congregation of the best class of white and colored people in Lafayette. Tuesday evening she gave a dramatic entertainment including Negro and Irish dialects. She was supported by our church choir and Miss Maud Roberts. Rev. L. Stokes is here from Noblesville.

Movements of People.

North Birmingham, Ala., Special

Miss Rebecca Washington and Mrs. Willie Butler were the guests of Mr and Mrs Thomas Pettis, Sunday week. Mrs. Henrietta Givens has returned to North Birmingham. Mrs. King's funeral was preached at the First Baptist church Sunday week, by Rev. J. A. Peel and L. H Vogel. Mrs. H. Foster has returned from Marion, Ala. The S. M. T gave a grand fair on the 14th Mrs Emma Pettis' baby is much better Mrs. Lettia Thomas spent last week with Mrs. G Foster. Gad Porter has been on the sick list Rev. J. A Peel preached at the Jackson-street Baptist church on the 17th, and the Rev. C Wallis, of Woodland, filled the pulpit at the First Baptist church Miss S. E Shirley spent Sunday of last week with Miss Fannie Easley.

Personal Mention.

Decatur, Ala., Special.

Roy Lee Hobbs, of North Birmingham, Ala., received a handsome present from his uncle, T. M. Bynom. The A. M E. church has lost one of its good female members, Mrs Ralph Milom. Mrs Louisa Gray has returned from Moorsville, Ala., where she spent two years with her daughter Margaret. Mr. Will Gray has returned home to Courtland, Ala., after a short visit to his sister, Sophronie Foster.

"Old things shall be done away with."—BIBLE.

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Unlike ALL so-called hair growers, NOT ONE excepted,

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Leaves no bad effect behind after use. No danger of an injured scalp. Instead of weakening, it strengthens and nourishes the roots of the hair, thus insuring RAPID GROWTH of a suit of hair, SOFT, PLIABLE, GLOSSY, BEAUTIFUL.

The Great Madagascan Improved Hair Grower is death to

OLD PLAYED-OUT REMEDIES,
KNOTTY HEADS OF HAIR,
Woolly heads of hair,
Kinky heads of hair,
Brittle heads of hair,
Diseases of the hair.

The Great Madagascan Improved Hair Grower will cause

FRAUDS AND COUNTERFEITS TO VANISH,
HAIR WHERE THERE IS NONE,
BEAUTY INSTEAD OF UGLINESS,
Thick hair when thin,
Long hair when short,
Soft hair when harsh.

The Great Madagascan Improved Hair Grower will work without

Killing the hair,
Fading the color.

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Young women,
Elderly men,
Young men,
Young misses,
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The Great Madagascan Improved Hair Grower is not only a boon to women, but to men, to

Father,
Brother,
Husband,
Lover.

The Great Madagascan Improved Hair Grower is not only the pet of lovely women when used, causing them to fling away inferior articles, purporting to do the same work, but it is a boon to man, also. It is an inveterate enemy to

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Inferior mustaches,
Hairless eyebrows.
Hairless temples,
All scalp diseases,

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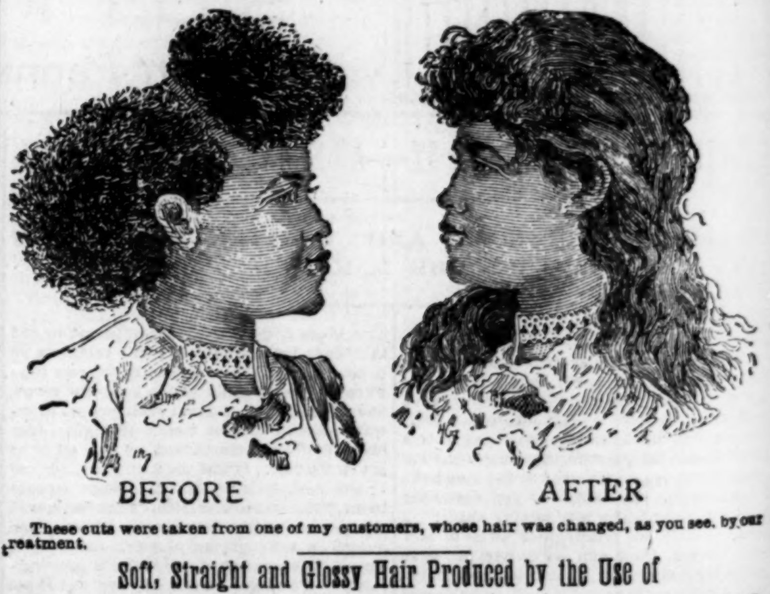

These cuts were taken from one of my customers, whose hair was changed, as you see, by our treatment.

Soft, Straight and Glossy Hair Produced by the Use of

CHEVELINE!

We use no hot irons or pasting down with grease in this treatment, and the hair is not changed from dampness, but on the contrary is made more beautiful by washing, and the straightening appears as natural as if born with it. Send a piece of your hair and 10 cents, and I will return it as a sample of my work. CHEVELINE outfits are now put up in two sizes, $10.00 and $5.00, with full instructions.

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which will make the hair soft, straight and glossy and as beautiful as Cheveline, but not so lasting, at 50 cents per bottle.

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Our Improved Medicated Hair Grower or Scalp Cleaner is an unexcelled article for promoting the growth of the hair, even on the temples, where the hair is ofttimes very scant. It also removes the dandruff and impurities from the scalp. Price, $1.00 per bottle.

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Bleaching the face in eight or ten days, leaving it about two shades lighter. It gives the complexion a soft and youthful tenderness, thus causing the middle-aged to look young. Mystic Face Bleach will remove Liver Spots, Freckles, Etc. Price $1.00 per bottle.

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Mention The Freeman. No Goods C. O. D. Agents Wanted.

1963—AN ALLEGORY

BY F. B. COFFIN, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Some one has said that dreams are imaginary thoughts; probably so; nevertheless I had a dream—which was not all a dream. I was on a journey through a beautiful country when suddenly I came to a great city with walls around it of the ancient style. At the gate stood a sentinel with an armor that reflected back the rays of the sun. As I was about to salute the man and walk in he stopped me and said: "This is Secessionville and no "Nigger" or person who believes in "Nigger" domination can pass in here —stand aside, they are coming. I looked down the road and saw a vast multitude approaching. It was led by a military officer.

"Who is that?" I asked of the sentinel. "That he said, is the great philanthropist for satan, the founder of Secessionville in this age."

"Is he known in history," I ventured to ask? He is a great warrior, who fought in many bloody battles for the union. I felt ashamed of my ignorance of history and stood silently watching the procession. There were infidels, several members of Congress and all of the scoffers and haters of Negro progress. Most of them passed by unchallenged by the sentinel, but at last a meek-looking individual with a long coat on approached.

"Do you believe in Negro domination," said the sentinel? With all my heart, mind and strength, was the reply. Thou shalt not enter here, said the sentinel. Next came a Negro politician who loved his race and was a race pride man, but to get along in the world he supported the Democratic party.

"Do you believe in Negro domination?" said the sentinel.

"Not much," said the man of distinction. Everybody laughed and he was allowed to pass in.

Next came theatre actors, proprietors of gambling hells, saloon-keepers by the thousands, thieves, lynchers, highwaymen, murderers and white caps. I looked, and lo! satan brought up the rear. And I noticed a banner hoisted on which was inscribed, "Down with Negro schools, away with equality, exterminate the Negro—he interferes with our happiness."

Then came a murmur of voices and a shout like the roar of Niagara, "Discrimination! Discrimination!" I felt no desire to enter Secessionville.

Next came two book agents—one with the lives of Lincoln, Grant, Beecher, Fisk, Rust, and others and was refused while the other one with the lives of Jeff Davis, Stone of Missouri, and a host of others and "Crimes of the Negro" was admitted and advertised in the papers. And all of those noble heroes who have sacrificed time and money for down-trodden humanity offered to go in as missionaries but were refused.

The sentinel went in and shut the gate and as soon as it was closed an angel came down with a great iron bar and barred the gate on the outside and wrote upon it in letters of blood, "Doomed to live together for three months," and a sign was placed near the gate: "This is Secessionville, a colonization of the haters of mankind, for God has said, man shall not be slave to man, justice is to be maintained at all hazards. I have not been angel long enough to know that God is a respecter of persons; thou shalt yet come to repentance." Then the angel went away and all was silent except the noise and shouts which came from within.

I left there and peace and plenty smiled everywhere. The jails were empty, the penitentiary without occupants, the city police idle, business was brisk, many large buildings, formerly crowded with criminals were turned into schools and manufacturing establishments, and the President of the United States so overwhelmed called for a day of Thanksgiving. I attended services at one of the churches and the preacher dwelt upon the changed condition of affairs. As he went on speaking of the great prosperity of the country and give reasons for a thanksgiving, an old Negro-hater, a regular old blue-stocking rebel could not hold in and shouted, "Thank God for Secessionsville." One of the 20th century theologies lifted up his head and said esto perpetua. The country was full of joy. No building could hold the people. I happened upon two men in conversation and this was their cause:

How is it, Mr. Negro,
  Your father was my father's slave
And now you are my equal
  On the great human wave.

And after the Negro had explained the matter he closed by saying,

But now since our enemies
  Together have colonized
With the better class of whites
  To prosperity we ride.

Then both sang with joy, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." Thus the three months rolled by and I made my way back to Secessionville and silence reigned over the city and all were trying to get out. Instead of opening the door they crawled out through holes in the walls. And great crowds of christians gathered around them and all of the noted preachers and evangelists and they struck up a tune, "Come ye sinners, poor and needy," and a needier crowd you never saw on earth before. I heard this question asked: "Do you believe in hell?" One old man said, "I've been there on probation for three months and I don't want to join." The sequel of it all was a great reformation that gathered in a mighty harvest from the ruined city of Secessionsville.

I awoke from my dream and behold it was 1963 and the Negro was celebrating his one hundredth anniversary as a people and the Negro, patient to suffer, and strong to endure had survived—not only the barbarism of slavery the cruel, cowardice and horrors of klukluxism, the entailed ignorance, poverty and debasement, but had developed in education and wealth and stands as one of the most prolific branches of the human race.

The moral: Men fettered the slave and cramped their own souls, denied them knowledge and darkened their own spiritual insight, subdued him to the plain cry of submission, and themselves became the thrall of public opinion and the Negro, poor and despised as he was, laid his hands to Southern civilization and helped to mould its character, and what pay does he ask? Only justice as a man among men.

We need a clearer and stronger sense of justice—a tenderer, deeper, and harder humanity, and whoever shall lay these upon the nation's altar will bring its most needed and precious offering.

A CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL.

Of Theology" For the Higher Education in Pulpit Work.

EDITOR FREEMAN:—Please give me space in your valuable paper to speak a few words of the Correspondence School of Theology, which is located at Waco, Texas.

The most popular thing now as a means to higher intellectual development in the correspondence work, in order that this end may be accomplished, we have such schools in this country, as the National University of Chicago, American Institute of sacred literature, Chautauqua, etc, which graduate from the departments of medicine, law, theology etc. The students from these schools are doing active and progressive work, If the individual has got the push, he can in a few years, accomplish untold good by being connected with such a school. These schools are doing great good for those whose opportunities were such as not to allow them to get an education But this work is being done among the whites. If they see the necessity and practicability of such a school for the education of themselves, ought we not see the same? The correspondence shool of theology is established for the higher education of our ministry. This is the first of its kind among us. This school offers not only the means, but a contant encouragement to improvement and progressiveness. The clergyman cannot afford to disregard or neglect such an opportunity to obtain a theological education. The true minister must be a lifetime student. Such were the world's most noted men in all ages. The present more than the past demands that the clergymen have their sermons full of ideas, thoughts and investigations. Every local preacher, Sunday school superintendent and teacher, as well as the pastor will find this course to be a great help to them. Why not every minister hold a diploma from some school of theology? The Correspondence School of Theology is increasing in membership every day. The students speak encouraging words of the methods of instruction E. T. Demby, Principal of Correspondence School of Theology, Paul Qinn College, Waco, Tex.

A Hustler.

Dardanelle, Ark., Special.

Grant S. Neal, The Freeman hustler was in town Saturday. Prof. H. E. Murrell made a flying trip to the country Saturday for quails and rabbits and was loaded. Frank Smith is the only colored cattle hustler in town. He is always up with the times when a trade is on hand. Miss Lula Logan is very ill.

The Poorest Man in the World

Can write to me and receive by return mail, in a plain envelope, sealed, free, a prescription with full directions for a speedy, permanent and private home cure for Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Atrophy, Night Losses, Varicocele, etc. I will furnish the medicine, if desired, cheaper than it would be put up at a drug store. Address G. B. Wright, box No 1868, Marshall, Mich.

The Young Men's Club.

Dermott, Ark., Special.

Miss Fannie Jamison who was formly teacher in the Dermott school, is now teaching at Pastoria, Ark. Miss Josie Jamison and Mr. M. V. Piece will be married in a few weeks. The Young Men's Social Club gave their first social at the home of Mrs, M. M. Lacey on Feb. 1st 1895 Cake and wine were served at 12 o'clock.

DO YOU

Want to know all about Texas, parts of which can boast a climate of almost perpetual spring time? If you want to know something of McLennan County and Waco, Texas, their artesian hot wells, the great health resort, the home of the Cotton Palace, and a flourishing city, send four cents in postage stamps for a copy of "Texas Resources," a paper devoted to the material interests of Texas. Subscription price $1.00 per annum. Agents wanted. Address Texas Resources Pub. Co, J. K. Streets Manager, Waco, Texas.

Trouble in "De Church."

Helena, Ark., Special.

The deacons of the Second Baptist last Sabbath appointed one of their members to act as superintendent of the S. S. A discussion arose as to whether the school had the authority to recommend their officers or such as they saw fit. The following committee was appointed for that purpose: W. H. Ellis, Anthony Langston, W. L. Owens, J. W. Dawson and Mrs. Alice Bess. S. D. Gibson drew up his resignation in the presence of the deputy sheriff and others. He agreed to not pastor the church neither ascend the pulpit nor interfere with its worship in any way. The officers succeeded in re-electing him through fraud. Officers who frequent the saloons, especially Sunday mornings, are not the men to elevate the church, spiritually or morally. Joseph L Roby died on Tuesday morning at five o'clock His funeral took place at the A. M E. church Wednesday morning, Rev, Swan officiating. Rev. A. H, Miller is rejoicing over the arrival of a girl at his home. The A. M. E. church succeeded in raising $20.10 at their rally on last Sunday.

LAST NIGHT'S KISS.

BY JONATHAN, SHELBYVILLE, TENN.

When you kissed me, as we parted,
  Just as we had said good night;
Through my frame a something darted,
  Which to me was "out of sight."

Shock electric! and so pleasing!
  Like the flash before the rain;
All my inward thoughts appeasing,
  Darling sweetheart, come again.

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MRS. MARTH, born with a double veil, is a seventh daughter, tells your entire life—past, present and future—in a DEAD TRANCE; has the power of any two clairvoyants you ever met. In tests she tells your mother's full name before marriage, the names of all your family, their ages and description, the name and business of your present husband, the name of your next if you are to have one, the name of the young man who now calls on you, the name of your future husband, and the day month and year of your marriage—how many children you have or will have—whether you are married or single; whether your present sweetheart will be true to you and if he will marry you; if you have no sweetheart, she will tell you when you will have, and his name, business and date of acquaintance. Clairvoyantly ALL YOUR FUTURE will be told or written in an honest, clear plain manner and in a dead trance. Mothers should know the success of their husbands and children, young ladies should know everything about their sweetheart or intended husband. Do not keep company, marry or go into business until you know all, do not let silly religious scruples prevent your consulting.

Madame is the only one in the world who can tell you the FULL NAME of your future husband, with age and date of marriage, and tells whether the one you love is true or false.

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MRS. MARTH, while wandering with the Gypsies, obtained it, and now is the only one in the city who has the GENUINE CHARM. Although unprincipled women who call themselves Clairvoyants. Astrologers and Fortune Tellers, claim to have its secret. rest assured its power is too sacred to be in the hands of such artful women who would put it to bad use.

Reader, do you ever notice that some people seem to have good luck all the time, no matter what they do, they seem to prosper, while others, yourself may be, have such a hard time to get along, no matter how hard they try, they find at the end of the year they are no better off than when they started. This is because they have not the Talisman, while the successful people, in all probabilities, have been to one of the few genuine mediums and obtained one.

If you are unsuccessful in business, have bad luck, things go wrong with you, then you should have an Egyptian Talisman. This removes all evil influences, brings good luck, and keeps all trouble and sickness away. Do not marry, begin any business or do anything until you have secured one of her Talisman. It will bring back the runaway lover wife or husband.

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At great expense and much trouble it is now for the first time placed within the reach of the citizens of America. If you desire to dress your hair as you have *often wished you might;* if you are *troubled with dandruff,* with an *itching scalp,* feverish and *blotched* with a *dry substance resembling scales;* have you tender spots on your scalp; is *your hair stubborn, bristly;* does it *curl and draw up* despite the efforts of *brush, comb and elbow grease* to make it *pliable, soft* and *glossy;* is it of a *dull, dead color,* lusterless, lifeless; can't you curl it if you desire, or brush it straight when you are anxious to do so; in a word, do you desire

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THE LAND OF THE EAST.

"Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
  Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
  Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In color though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all save the spirit of man is divine?
'Tis the clime of the East; tis the land of the Sun—"
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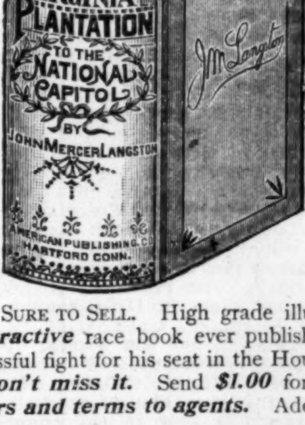

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For Fine Pictures go to Bennett's, East Washington street.

Miss E. Viola Gist, the famous soprano, and Miss Mamie Clay, the talented elocutionist, in the Hurculean Extravaganza. Watch for date and place.

Quarterly meeting to-morrow at Jones' Tabernacle A. M. E. Zion church. At 2:30 p. m. preaching by Rev. Hagood. Rev Y. Carr Presiding Elder will be present.

Last Sunday night at Penick Chapel Samuel Brooks fell from his seat dead. He was a member of Penicks Chapel A. M. E. Zion church, and was also a soldier in the late war.

The Herculean Extravaganza to be given in the near future, will be the grandest event of the season. Forty persons have been secured for this occasion, each one a star in their respective parts. Watch for the date and place.

Special price on best Cabinets at Bennett's only $1.00 per dozen—best come and sit now.

A Sewing Circle was organized at Corinthian church last Tuesday with the following officers: Mrs. E. B. Martin, president; Mrs. Kate Reed, vice president; Mrs. Page treasurer; Miss Nannie Riff, secretary; Mrs, A. Myrtle Harris, assistant secretary.

MR. AND MRS. RALPH JOHNSON

Celebrate Their Cotton Wedding—List of Presents.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Johnson, 92½ South Illinois street, celebrated their first anniversary February 15th, from 7 to 8 p. m. During the evening the elegant apartments were thronged with old and new acquaintances of "mine host and hostess." Those present from abroad were Mrs. C. B. Henderson and daughter of Chicago, Mrs. W. L. Smith and daughter, Grand Fork, N. D., sister and niece of Mrs. Ralph Johnson, and Mrs. W. D. Newman of Chicago. "Conversations" were the order of the evening. "The wedding feast" was au faut, partaken of to the accompaniment of the ceaseless cadence of music's witching strains. Mesdames Laura Gaines and Chas. Floyd received and introduced the guests.

The following is a partial list of gifts, the tickets accompanying several packages being missing: Prof. G. L. and Mrs. Knox, Marseilles spread; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moore, damask towels; Mrs. Archie Greathouse, silk head rest; Mr. and Mrs. W. Allison Sweeney, comforter; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Brown, embroidered handkerchief case; Rev. O. A. Williams, embroidered handkerchiefs; Mr. and Mrs. Ceil Sanders two damask towels; Mrs. Lillian Thomas Fox, Japanese table mat; Mrs. Geo. Goins, linen handkerchiefs; Mrs. C. B. Henderson and Mrs. W. D. Newman, Chicago, one lace bed set; Mrs. Frank Gaines and Mrs. Chas. Floyd, silent cloth; Mrs. Thomas Smith, night dress; Mrs. R. Singleton, night dress; Mrs W. L Smith, Grand Forks, N. D., silk hose; Mrs. Hannah Tyler, embroidered damask towel; Mrs. Laura Wise and son, two tray cloths; Mr. and Mrs. E. Francis pair damask towels; Miss Fannie Hamilton, embroidered glove case; Mr and Mrs. J. H. Ringgold, box of handkerchiefs; Mr. and Mrs. O. Finley pair seamless sheets; Mr. and Mrs. Green, two towels; C. B Henderson, Chicago, pair silk hose; Mr. and Mrs. N. M. Hill, pair damask towels; Mrs. I. P. Johnson, fine piece of underwear; Mrs. Thos. Perry, pair towels; Mrs. D. D. Wells, huck towels; Mrs. Willis Kersey, pair towels; Mrs. L. Johnson, pair towels; Mrs. Anna Vores, pair towels; Mrs. Clinton Nunn, Turkish bath towels; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Payne sheet; Mr. and Mrs Wm. Bell, Turkish panel; Miss Ellen Lewis, sheets; Mr. and Mrs. Duerson, napkins; Mrs. Geo. Reotter and daughter pon pon castle; Mrs. Charles Guthrie, towels; Mrs. E. C. Robinson, sideboard scarf.

His Authority Questioned.

EDITOR FREEMAN:

I see in the issue of your valuable paper of the 9th inst., a request from B. F. Howard, Covington, Ky., stating: "I would like you to notify all legal Knights of Pythias, State of Indiana, to consult me in the future and report to 127 E. Ninth street, Covington, Ky., as I hold a commission for your State given by the Supreme Chancellor, E. A. Williams, and signed by the Keeper of Records of Seals." We as "hoosiers" of hoslerdom, in reply, will simply state this to Mr. Howard, that so far as consulting him that there is no man or member that belongs to the Knights of Pythias order, or thinking of the joining order, would ever consult him or any of the rest of the Williams faction in regard to Pythianism. We as Knights of Indiana, have in the last three years, pouring our money into the rat hole of the Williams faction, and we never see any returns of the money or any of his high honored officers. We have written the Williams faction several times, but could never get any satisfaction whatever, so we now have in the State of Indiana, a fine grand lodge with seven subordinate lodges with prospects of setting up four new lodges in this coming two months and we have in the city of Indianapolis a fine uniform rank of twenty-seven men, and in Marion a lodge received twenty-four applications at its last meeting and we don't think that if we progress as rapidly as we have been. that Williams and his followers can throw any stumbling block in the way of Pythianism in the State of Indiana, and that had the Williams faction had paid the debt assesment to our widow's in this state, which is something over five or six hundred dollars, then Mr. B. F. Howard might have talked Pythianism to us, but as it has not, we are cleave to the only original and legal supreme chancellor of the world.

And if Mr. B. F. Howard or any of the rest of the William faction that has been diving in and around Indianapolis for the last few months would like to know any more about Pythians or any information, he will please refer or come to 38 Jackson Place, Indianapolis, Ind., John H. Moore, and we hope when he comes or any of the rest of the faction, that we will not do him as Turner but something similar to that.

Very respectfully, J. H. MOORE.
38 Jackson Place, Indianapolis, Ind.

A "Violet Dinner."

One of the most brilliant events of the week was the "violet dinner" given by Mrs. W. J. Turner, of 615 North Mississippi street, in honor of Mrs. Dr. J. B Elbert, jr., just prior to her departure for Denver, Col., her future home. Mrs. Turner was assisted in extending the hospitalities by her sister, Mrs. A. C. Simms, and Mrs. A. A. Taylor. Mrs. Turner looked very charming in a handsome gown of violet crepe. The dining-room looked like a bower of flowers, and the table, under a canopy of violets, was lighted by violet candles in candelebras. Covers were laid for eight, there being seven courses. At each plate were guest's cards of violet satin, held together by the dainty flowers. Violets were strewn over the Damask cloth and were used throughout as decorations. Those preasent were Mrs. A. Taylor, Mrs. Willis Martin, Mrs. A. C Simms, Mrs. E. Baird, Mrs. A. A Henderson, formerly of Cincinnati. Mrs. Elbert has made many friends during her short stay, all of whom will regret her departure.

Among the Sick.

Mrs W. Allison Sweeney is slowly convalescing, also Mrs. Benjamin Thornton. At this writing, Wednesday Mrs, Henry Moore and Frank Hilyard, oldest son of Captain and Mrs Hilyard, N. California St., are in critical conditions. Miss Mattie Wade is some better. Mr. and Mrs. Willis Bryant and children are laid up, also Mrs. Chas. Webb is counted on the sick list, and Miss Nettie Prince, Dorman street.

At "Tea."

Mrs. J. B. Elbert was entertained by Mrs. A. A. Taylor at tea on Thursday evening, Feb. 14. Those present were Mrs. Willis Martin, Mrs. Jessie Turner, Mr. A. Henderson, Mrs James Turner, Mrs. John Roney. Mrs. Taylor is a charming hostess.

The "Calmidges" Entertained.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Special.

W. Foster, of Nashville, was in the city Sunday, the guest of R. W. Allen and C. E. Newton. Miss Ellen Allen, sister of R. W., was in the city Tuesday from Louisiana where she has taught for several months, enroute to her home in Nashville. She was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Barnes, on Poplar street. The Valentine entertainment Friday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Daugherty, was the grandest affair that society has witnessed for a long while. Dancing was the principal feature of the entertainment On the same evening there was an entertainment given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Tabbs, on Chestnut street, under the auspices of the "Calmidges," a new club organized by the young ladies of Chattanooga's "400." This was their first entertainment. Rev J. E Moore died last week at his home on Catherine street. He was pastor of Mt Paron church, and was one of the oldest ministers in the city. His funeral was preached Sunday at 11 o'clock by Rev. Mixon and C. C. Russell, of Knoxville. The Union Literary society of South Chattanooga, is meeting with much success. Mrs. Ellen Logan, mother of Mrs. John Irvin, on Williams street, has been quite ill for several weeks. Ildo Brown, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Silas Brown, on Long street, died on the 4th, inst. It will be remembered that she was accidently shot by Jas. Selcer, during the holidays. Her remains were taken to the old home in Dallas county, Ala., for interment, accompanied by Mrs Brown and her son James. James Whiteside was murdered last week by Marshal Martin. Martin, after the shooting, gave himself up to the officers and is now in the county jail awaiting trial, Mr. and Mrs. George Watson have a very sick child. Miss Bell Carson, on Cedar street, is recovering from a severe illness If you would avail yourselves of the best colored journal in the world, take advantage of the low rate and get The Freeman while it is $1 00 per year. This will only last a short while. C. E Newton agent, headquarters at Dr. O. W James' drug store, 403 W Ninth street. Mme. Flora Batson sang here on the 20th. Silas White made a flying trip to Birmingham, Ala., last week.

The A. M. E. Entertainment a Success.

Shelbyville, Tenn., Special.

Rev. J. A. Jones attended the funeral of Mr. Louis Knott on the 13th, from the A. M. E. Church. Mr. Limas Kincade is very sick. Mrs. John Burkeen is quite sick. The barn of Judge C. A. Warren was burned one night last week. Some fine stock was burned. Messrs. Wesley Scott, Wash Stuart and Prof. W. D. Greer were the Negro representatives to the Republican league that met in this city last week. Ed Knott came up from Murfreesboro to attend his father's funeral. Mr. John Crutchfield was married to Miss Grace McKeand on Feb. 14, and took a bridal trip to New Orleans and other leading cities. Miss Emma Gaunt, of Richmond, is visiting Miss Emma Thompson. Miss Bettie Ladie is very sick. James Gilliland is putting up a furnace for the water works Prof R P. Purdy is with the Turner High School again. Lawyer J. C. McAdams went to the country on business on the 13th.

The entertainment at the hall for the A. M. E. Church was a success. Mr Louis Thompson will leave for Louisville, Ky., in a few days. Mr. Sam Thompson is in the city. Mrs. E L. Peacock went to the country on the 14th. The good people of the city are remembering the poor these very hard and cold times. Mr. P. W. Patterson is on the sick list. Mrs. N. Tillman is some better. Mrs. Rachael Marshall is quite sick, Mrs. John Simbs is in town.

Happily Wedded.

Bryan, Tex., Special.

Miss Rosa Lee Dillard died here on Feb. 15th with consumption. She was buried on the 15 inst. Rev. D. H. Shivers officiating. Rev. Lights one of the leading Baptist divines of the State, and the present pastor of Antioch Baptist Church of Houston, was wedded to one of Houston's most accomplished young ladies, Miss Pearl Reed, Feb. 11th. They arrived in the city on the morning of the 12th. After the many guests numbering about sixty had arrived at the residence of Rev. and Mrs. D. H. Shivers, Rev. L. S. Blakeney delivered a welcome address responded to by the groom and the following gentlemen: J. S. Reid, M. D., Prof. Colwell, Turner and Carter. Owing to the severity of the weather the trustees suspended school from noon of the 14th to the morning of the 18th. Rev. Holmes will soon issue a semi-monthly called "The Watchword." Mr. R. B. Banner, one of our leading barbers, is very sick. His business is being conducted by his son, R. B. Banner, Jr.

Literary Notes.

Dr. Parkhurst's first article to women in The Ladies' Home Journal has proved so popular that the entire huge edition of the Feburary issue of the magazine was exhausted within ten days, and a second edition of 45,000 copies has been printed.

Mr. David Christie Murray, the well-known English writer, is the author of the special novelette entitled, "Why? Says Glady," contained in the March number of "Tales from Town Topics." With great felicity of style and refreshing wit Mr. Murray relates a story of love that results in marriage and separation. Gladys, the heroine, is a strangely constituted American girl that marries a reformed English rake, and brings unhappiness upon herself through her own perversity. The story which is in dialogue, forms a delightful introduction to a volume that is otherwise made up of the best stories, sketches, poems and witticisms that have appeared from time to time in the regular issues of Town Topics. Town Topics Publishing Co., 208 Fifth ave., New York City.

Hot Springs, Ark., the Carlsbad of America.

On Feb. 17th the Iron Mountain railway put into service a new special train to Hot Springs. It will leave St. Louis Union Station at 8:30 p. m. daily, arriving at Hot Springs 12:30 the next noon. This train will be handsomely equipped with coaches, free reclining chair cars and Pullman sleepers. Hot Springs is constantly growing in popularity as a sanitarium for invalids, on account of the extraordinary curative properties of its waters, and also, as a fashionable winter resort, by reason of its delightful climate, beautiful scenery and excellent hotel accommodations. Descriptive pamphlets mailed free on application to Coke Alexander, District Passanger Agent, 7 Jackson Place, Indianapolis, Ind.

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Veno's cures in Indianapolis have puzzled the whole medical fraternity, because he has completely cured the very patients they have been trying to cure for years past. He uses certain medicine imported from Europe. His treatment is quick and permanent, and he protects his patients by giving them a guarantee with his medicines, and in this way he has made thousands of friends among his ever-grateful patients, who have been cured by his marvelous system of medicine.

For seven days only from date all new patients applying will receive treatment, advice and services free until cured. The only expense will be the actual cost of the medicine necessary to effect a cure. Veno's record as a healer of the sick far surpasses that of any other man, and the wonderful cures performed in Indianapolis show that the Veno treatment is not only the quickest and most certain, but the cheapest and the best. Mrs. Laura Bryant, 160 Howard street, who but two weeks ago was completely crippled and not able to walk, is now well and does her own housework, cured by Veno's medicines. Mrs. Foreseigner, East Washington street, who has been afflicted for twenty years from rheumatism, and during the last two years had used two crutches and spent her weight in money trying to be cured, nothing done her good until Veno's remedies were applied. She is now free from pain and walks without her crutches. Mr. Rolffs, 46 Stephens street, who was bent double with rheumatism, is now cured and working.

All sufferers from nervousness, dyspepsia, liver, kidney, stomach and blood diseases, fits, catarrh, piles, bladder and urinary troubles, throat and lung troubles, deafness, brain, heart and nerve affections. Special quick treatment for private diseases of men and ailments peculiar to women. Should call or write. The Veno remedies never fail. Do not allow a prejudiced, jealous and spiteful doctor to persuade you. Think for yourself. If they cannot cure you go to some one who can. Hours, 9 a. m. till 8 p. m. Sunday, 2 till 4. Letters cheerfully answered.

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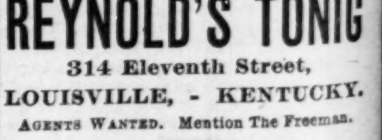

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